HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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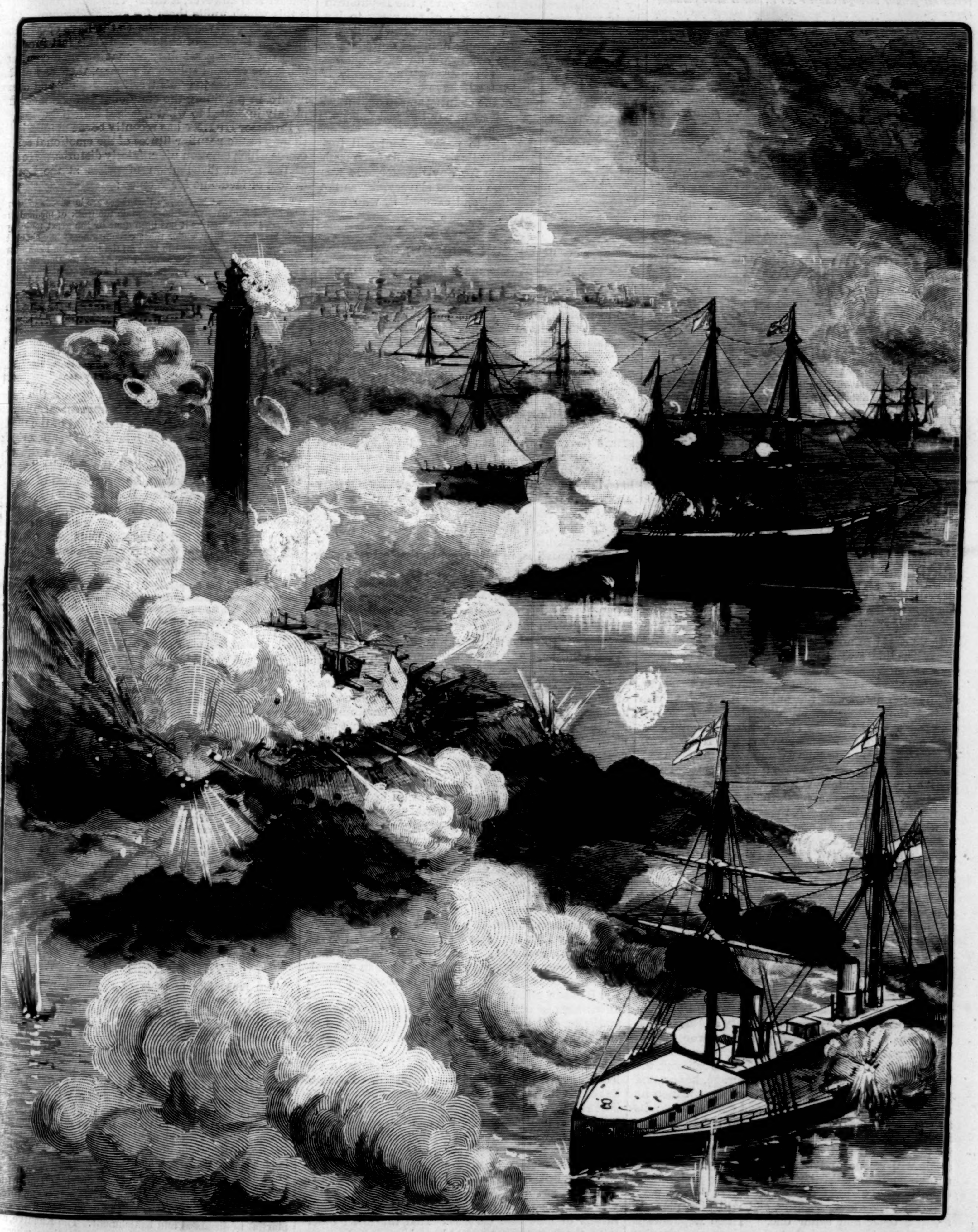


THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.—[SEE PAGE 459.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 22, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 142, published July 18, has for its front page a beautiful wood-engraving, accompanied by a poem from Mrs. M. E. Sangster, *entitled "The Sheep at Grandpa's Farm."*

There is an interesting short story by Eliot McCormick, *entitled "Dare's Cruise; or, the Dory that Found its Way Home"; and one by* J. R. Galbraith, *entitled "Job's Turkey," with two illustrations, by* W. L. Sheppard; *"Mr. Stubbs's Brother" continues his pranks through Chapter XVI., and is more amusing than ever.*

Mr. Benjamin Karr *relates an interesting story of a trained fish, entitled "Harry Miller's Sturgeon";* Mrs. Helen S. Conant *contributes an article on "Catching Butterflies," containing full directions how to make a collection of these beautiful insects;* Lieutenant E. W. Sturdy *tells how "Tom Fairweather Goes to Bassorah, the Home of Sindbad the Sailor."*

This number also contains a beautiful full-page engraving, entitled "A Sweet Kiss from Dolly"; a humorous sketch, called "Kitty's Dream"; and a most seasonable comic picture, called "The Thermometer at 100°—Free(ze) Seats."

COMPULSORY VOLUNTEERING.

In recently commenting upon Mr. Hubbell's reiterated assertion that the assessing circular of his committee asks only for purely voluntary contribution, the *Herald* printed a few specimens of such circulars issued by the Congressional and the New York committees. It calls especial attention to one of these papers, which was addressed to the head of one of the chief National offices in New York, as follows:

> "Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, *October* 27, 1880.
>
> "My dear Sir,—Below you will find a schedule of your subordinates, who have several times been asked to contribute the sums set opposite their respective names toward the expenses of the campaign in this State.
>
> "You will find opposite each name the amount yet due. The total unpaid at this date, and due from the employés in your office, appears to be ——.
>
> "Your immediate attention to this matter is very important.
>
> "By order of the Executive Committee,
>
> Henry A. Glidden, Secretary."

We add another specimen of this kind of request for a "voluntary contribution" from the State of Pennsylvania. It is a circular written upon paper with the usual heading of a State Committee, and the names of John Cessna, chairman, and others as secretaries:

> "Philadelphia, *October* 25, 1880.
>
> "Dear Sir,—Our books show that you have paid no heed to either of the requests of the committee for funds. The time for action is short. I need not say to you that an important canvass like the one now being made in a State like Pennsylvania requires a great outlay of money, and we look to you as one of the Federal beneficiaries to help bear the burden. Two per cent. of your salary is ——. Please remit promptly.
>
> "At the close of the campaign we shall place a list of those who have not paid in the hands of the head of the department you are in.
>
> "Truly yours, John Cessna, Chairman."

There could be nothing more insolent than such a demand as this, except the assertion that it is a request for a voluntary contribution, and it was the situation revealed by such performances which led Congress to attempt the defense of the public employés at least against the rapacity of other employés. Both the circulars treat the money required as a due, not as a gift; and it is only necessary to imagine Mr. Glidden or Mr. Cessna signing such a demand for money upon Mr. Astor or Mr. Childs to see the impudence of calling it an invitation for a voluntary contribution. But however cautiously expressed, the circular commands under a virtual threat. A request for money in aid of what is called a common cause, when addressed to a person who holds a place dependent upon the favor of the authority which requests, is a command, and compliance can not be regarded as voluntary. This is the essential meanness of these assessments. They are levied upon those who can not refuse except at a dangerous risk, and the amount is determined by those who cant and twaddle about voluntary contributions. Under the spoils system this kind of demand for a free gift is the call of a general for volunteers who announces that those who do not volunteer will be shot. The Republican newspapers which insist that to correct a disgraceful and menacing abuse is to destroy the party have certainly an extraordinary conception both of the Republican party and of politics. Let those in New York at least ponder the words of the great Republican leader, Mr. Seward, when he deliberately left the Whig party because, as he believed, the Whig party had left the path of courage, honor, and patriotism. Of the new Republican organization he said: "Its principles are equal and exact justice; its speech open, decided, frank. . . . I do not know that it will always, or even long, preserve its courage, its moderation, and its consistency. If it shall do so, it will rescue and save the country. If it too shall become unfaithful, as all preceding parties have done, it will, without sorrow or regret on my part, perish as they are perishing, and will give place to another truer and better one." Those Republicans who foolishly suppose that the party can survive only by adopting and aggravating Democratic abuses may profitably consider, also, these words from one of the most powerful Republican journals in the country, the Chicago *Tribune:* "Blind, unreasoning partisanship is but a degree removed from the insanity of a mob, and it has lost its frenzy. A party now must have something better and higher to commend it than the mere 'hoop-la' of old party names and titles. It must commend itself to the intelligent, educated citizenship, on which the freedom, the prosperity, and the permanency of our nation must depend for support." This is much sounder and safer Republican doctrine than the silly theory that if Mr. Hugh Gardner does not descend from the bench, and summon the letter-carriers to the Astor House and compel them to give up part of their hard-earned pittance of wages, and if the Congressional and National committees do not in similar ways extort money from laborers in the Navy-yards, the Republican party will perish. The objects of the party to-day can not be greater than those which called it into existence, and if, without a single national office-holder to assess, it was able to overthrow an unscrupulous organization intrenched in patronage and spoils, it need not suppose that if it still have objects which the intelligent judgment of the country approves, it must depend upon petty robbery to pay the just expenses of its campaigns. If such abuses are the condition of its existence, it ought to perish. And still further, those who insist that its life depends upon such meanness are responsible for any disaster. It was not the Republicans who opposed slavery, it was the Democrats who sustained and excused it, who were responsible for the war.

POOR MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

In his address at Dartmouth College upon Daniel Webster, Senator Bayard's sincere admiration and in many respects just appreciation of the greatness of the man are agreeably evident. But in one point he seems to us to have misapprehended the public feeling about his hero. He speaks of the serious pecuniary sacrifice which any honest poor man must make upon entering the public service, and if we understand him correctly, he says that Webster's poverty, which was a monument of his integrity and unselfishness, his fellow-countrymen feel to be a reproach. This is merely a misapprehension. It is not Webster's poverty which has ever been the subject of censure or reproach in any degree. His colleague "Honest John Davis" was equally poor. Many of his eminent colleagues were poor. John Quincy Adams entered upon public life as poor as Webster. It is, indeed, rather the pride of the country that so large a number of its great men have been in moderate circumstances.

The reproach is, in plain words, that being a poor man, Webster spent money like a rich man, and had not a fine sense of pecuniary obligation. He had splendid and lavish tastes. Magnificence was natural to him. He was hospitable, generous, profuse. He was a nabob in his free expenditure. If he passed a few days with some old friend, perhaps a quiet lady in the country, every day there came from town baskets of flowers. Everything betokened the Grand Seigneur. It was an ample, careless, grand manner of life. Mr. Webster had chosen a public career, and most justly. But he knew its small emoluments, and the necessary restrictions it imposed upon a poor man. The truth is that he had not the moral force to conform to them. He needed a great deal of money. It was obtained in many ways—by gifts, by subscriptions, by his own notes. But it is notorious that in a certain imperial way he regarded it all as in a sense his due, and was not seriously troubled by the circumstances, except that he was generally straitened. It was certainly an unhandsome position for a Senator of the United States, engaged in legislation vitally affecting the interest of certain persons, to receive large sums of money from those persons. It was very different from the case of Cobden, who had lost a fortune by devotion to certain views, and who received aid from those who approved those views. We do not say that the facts changed or affected Webster's speeches or votes. But we say that to a man of a fine sense of honor it must have been an unhandsome and difficult position. The reproach to which Mr. Bayard alludes was not of poverty, but of the unwillingness of so great a man to exercise a proper prudence, and to acknowledge pecuniary necessities and obligations which lesser men would have starved rather than disregard.

The reproach was just. It should not be in the least degree denied, or evaded, or palliated. It should be reiterated and emphasized. No man, however brilliant and able, who devotes himself to public life, should be suffered to dispense with the most scrupulous sense of pecuniary obligation without public censure. While that is sure, public morals are sound. It is one of the significant and suggestive signs of the times that wealth is becoming more and more indispensable to a public career. But the original theory of the republic was that no position demanded more than the average means of moderate citizens. Had this been otherwise, the government would have been an oligarchy. The problem, we know, is not easy. If the emoluments of public official position should secure independence, the contest for position would become more venal and frantic than it is now. If there should be no emolument, such position would become the exclusive property of the rich. Our system seeks the mean, and allots a moderate reward. But when even so great a man as Webster accepts the position, prudence and economy and the strictest payment of debts are moral duties the neglect of which no greatness, no magnificence, no generous spirit—all of which no man would deny to Webster—can justify or excuse.

THE "EMOTIONAL" SEX.

The "Woman Question" is generally discussed by men with an air of pity and ridicule or affected indignation. The most serious argument against the gentler sex, however, is their "emotional nature." It is this which unfits them for any graver duties than making themselves attractive to the lords of creation, and—the training of children. If this last function, with the other great duty of making men comfortable, is the especial sphere of woman, then, as nothing requires sounder judgment, self-possession, and nerve, nature, in providing the emotional temperament, has plainly indicated to what it is best suited.

Professor Huxley has recently borne emphatic testimony to the peculiar fitness of the emotional sex for offices which emotion often fatally disturbs. He said, at the recent distribution of prizes at the London School of Medicine for Women:

> "The experiment has shown that there are hundreds of women who have the capacity and power to do the work of medical practitioners just as well as it has been done by the great majority of their brothers. Why, under these circumstances, they should not be allowed and encouraged to take up the profession I can not understand. It may interest you, as I happened for the past twelve months to be a member of the Medical Acts Commission, if I say a word or two as to the results so far as they affect you. I am obliged to speak guardedly, because it was only this morning that I signed the report of the committee, which has not yet been laid before her Majesty. But I think I may without impropriety go so far as to say that the Commissioners were deeply impressed with the importance of the question of medical education for women. If the recommendations of that Commission be carried out, whether there be one port-hole or many for admission to the Medical Register, the way will not be closed against women."

But the tables are fairly turned against the supercilious sex by Mrs. Livermore, whose sarcasm is rather more subtle and searching than that of the masculine satirist of women. The fidelity of her description can not be denied, although the conclusion drawn is not the familiar one. Indeed, the favorite "gag" of the reporter in depicting the proceedings of a party Convention is that when Box, Cox, and Dox were routed, and Fox obtained the majority, "strong men wept." Why should not strong women weep also upon occasion? But hear Mrs. Livermore, and let the declaimer upon the "heaven-appointed sphere of woman" be wary in his eloquence:

> "'Too emotional for politics!' I was in the Chicago 'Wigwam' when Abraham Lincoln was nominated—the only woman on the floor of the hall, for my seat was with the reporters. I shall never forget the scene that followed. Men hugged one another with such vim that they upset one another. They clapped each other on the back, crushed each other's hats, or tossed them in air, and kicked them about as if they were foot-balls. They wept; they laughed; they danced; they stood on the seats and tossed their arms wildly in the air, and for half an hour screamed and yelled as if with throats of brass, till the uproar was ear-splitting. The New York delegation, whose candidate had been defeated, went sulkily out of the hall, with banners reversed, wiping their eyes, evidently seeking a quiet place for a 'good cry,' after the fashion of 'emotional' women. Similar behavior was repeated when General Grant was nominated, and at General Garfield's nomination; while the frantic scenes of emotion that women may witness from the galleries of Boards of Trade and Stock Exchanges, as the men below make and lose fortunes in gambling, will lead them to congratulate themselves that they belong to the calm, quiet, and self-contained sex. 'Women are so frivolous, so fond of dress, parade, and show, that they would make of government an everlasting spectacular drama.' Possibly. But I can not remember ever to have seen women walking delightedly for hours in a torch-light procession through muddy streets, amid the thundering of cannon, the flash of rockets, and the blaze of colored lights. I think I have never seen them parading by daylight, clad in bits of abbreviated aprons, ornamented as to the shoulders in what seemed exaggerated horse-collars, their heads supporting an infinite amount of 'fuss and feathers,' and their padded coats over their swelling bosoms nearly bursting with ecstatic delight as they caught admiring glances from the other sex in balconies and at chamber windows."

THE BRITISH IN EGYPT.

The immediate occasion of the bombardment of the Alexandria defenses by the British fleet was the failure of the commandant to comply with the British admiral's demand to cease strengthening the fortifications overlooking the harbor. The fleet, under direct advices from London, after twenty-four hours' notice, opened fire, with the result known to the public. The remoter causes of this unexpectedly violent action are more complicated. For some time previous to May last, Arabi Bey, the Minister of War in the cabinet of the Khedive, had been the acknowledged leader of what is known as the military party, whose avowed purpose was to throw off the domination of the European powers, and particularly of Great Britain and France, in Egyptian affairs, and ultimately to secure the independence of Egypt, and its admission into the family of nations. In pursuance of this purpose, Arabi's partisans in the army had brought charges against the principal Turkish military officers of conspiring against the interests of Egypt, and the accused had been sentenced by courts-martial to dismissal and banishment. The Khedive, acting under the advice of the foreign representatives, whose governments were pledged to maintain the Turkish supremacy, disapproved of these sentences. Thereupon the colonels of the army, supported by Arabi, demanded the revocation of the edict of disapproval, under threats of deposition and even assassination. The Khedive refused, dismissed Arabi from office, and assumed command in person of the army; but finding himself unable to enforce obedience or preserve order, he re-instated Arabi. In the mean time the counsels of the European powers were divided. France had early invited England to join in a convention guaranteeing the authority of the Khedive, which England at first assented to, and then withdrew from. France had then proposed a Conference of the powers to mature measures to the same end, which, after much discussion, was agreed to, and actually convened in Constantinople. The avowed policy of the powers was to invite the Sultan to intervene to sustain the Khedive, with the understanding that in so doing he would be backed by the united forces of Europe to any extent necessary.

But this apparently complete programme was balked by the refusal of the Sultan to enter the Conference, and his declaration that he would assume the responsibility for order in Egypt. His attitude, however, was very unsatisfactory in face of the massacre of the Europeans in Alexandria in June, which showed plainly that he lacked either the will or the power to carry out his pledges. So the Conference finally determined that the Sultan should be invited to send a sufficient force into Egypt to secure order, or, if he neglected to do so, a combined European force should occupy the country. At the moment that this ultimatum was to be delivered to the Sultan, Admiral Seymour, in command of the British fleet, placarded the dead-walls of Alexandria with a notice that he would open fire on the forts within twenty-four hours. The foreign consuls, with one or two exceptions, and nearly all the foreign residents, withdrew to the shipping in the harbor; the various war vessels of France, Germany, Italy, and others steamed out of the harbor; and with the first shot from the great guns of her iron-clads Great Britain had practically taken the Egyptian question into her own hands. This act changes essentially the whole situation. The assumption that the chief aim of England was to maintain the authority and integrity of Turkey vanishes like the smoke of her guns. She declares in effect that, whatever Europe may do or leave undone, she proposes to hold the "highway to India" firmly within her own control. It is her tardy but conclusive answer to the long series of experiments upon her patience which began with the abrogation of the Treaty of Paris, and ended with the French claim to an absolute equality in the settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question.

THE FREIGHT-HANDLERS' STRIKE.

The strike of the freight-handlers is likely to become memorable among strikes for the unanimity with which public opinion is expressed on the side of the strikers. No doubt the strikers owe part of this sympathy to the general belief in the goodness of their cause, and part of it to the moderation and good sense with which they have managed their strike. Of the fact of the sympathy there can, at any rate, be no doubt. The employers have borne the strongest testimony to it by circulating stories of the misbehavior of the strikers, which upon examination turn out to be untrue. Scarcely one illegal action has been brought home to the strikers themselves. The outrages that have been committed—and they are surprisingly few—have been committed by the riffraff of idle ruffians who are always to be found wherever there is an obstruction of any industry. The strikers have borne themselves neither as rioters nor as drunkards, but as sober and peaceable men, simply submitting their case to the public judgment.

Their case is, in effect, that men competent to do the work which they have been doing can not be found to do it at the rate of seventeen cents an hour for ten hours of precarious work. If such men can be found to do the work, the strike must fail. If an unmarried man can support himself upon the wages offered by the companies, and a man with a family to support can not, then, if bachelors in sufficient numbers can be found to do the work, the conclusion must be that a handler of freight in New York must deny himself the luxury of marriage.

The companies insist that they can find men to do their work at the wages the strikers refuse; but the facts scarcely bear them out. They can, indeed, get newly arrived immigrants, who know nothing about the purchasing power of money in this country, to undertake the work at the lower prices; but as soon as the new men learn what $1 70 really means, differences arise between the new men and their employers. The efforts to supply the places of the strikers have been a series of experiments, the failure of one after the other of which is conceded. The employers have tried Italians, they have tried Russian Jews, they have tried Germans, and thus far they have not arrived at a permanent and trustworthy method of doing the work. The work is evidently not done; and there is as evidently no public or private economy in the methods the companies have improvised of not doing it.

The absolute loss of perishable goods delayed in transit by the strike, though it can not be precisely ascertained, is many times greater than the amount of the difference for a year between the wages offered by the companies and the wages demanded by the strikers; and it is a question whether the burden of this loss must be borne by the shippers, or whether it can be shifted upon the carriers by whose action it has unquestionably been caused. Moreover, the cost of the unsatisfactory make-shifts to which the companies have resorted is much greater than the cost of the efficient labor of which they have deprived themselves. That one of the lines which has got on best with its work in spite of the strike is reported to employ "about double" the force it formerly required, and the present force can not do all the work. It is plain that one competent man at $2 a day is cheaper than two incompetent men at $1 70 each.

There is thus no present economy, and no real prospect of any future economy, in the position of the companies, and one is rather at a loss to know what it is for which they are contending. Their representatives assert that they are contending for a "principle." Upon microscopic examination it turns out that the principle involved is the principle that a man shall not enforce his demands for higher wages by striking work until he has made known his wishes, and they have been formally refused. As a matter of fact, the strikers insist that their intention was perfectly well known to the companies. They insist also that there is no reason to believe that their employers would have advanced their wages to twenty cents an hour until they had exhausted all efforts to fill their places at seventeen cents an hour, and the conduct of the employers since the strike confirms this view. As a matter of etiquette, the strikers ought no doubt to have given their employers some formal notice of their intention. So that what the employers call a question of principle dwindles down to a question of etiquette, and a very shabby question of etiquette it surely is for the employers to raise, and a very small degree of satisfaction they must derive from being on the right side of it, when they are hopelessly upon the wrong side of the case upon its merits. For there is no question that the cost of living has advanced since the wages were fixed at seventeen cents an hour in a greater proportion than that of fifteen per cent., which the men demand to be added to their wages in order to meet the increase in the cost of living. If the wages were fixed before so as only to meet the lowest limit of subsistence, they are now below that lowest limit.

These considerations are so obvious that they have appealed to the whole public, and they suffice to account for the manifestations of public sympathy which the strike has called out. The very shippers whose goods have been kept back by the strike, themselves employers of labor, avow this sympathy, and many of them have given practical expression to it by subscribing to the fund for maintaining the strikers. This, if not altogether unprecedented, is at least very unusual in the history of strikes. The strikers have thus far taken good care not to forfeit the sympathy which their cause has attracted. It is not only that they have abstained from drunkenness and disorder, but they have refused to encourage any of the eager blatherskites who are always yearning to denounce in an abstract way the tyranny of capital, and to vindicate in an abstract way the dignity of labor. They have wisely limited themselves to the concrete proposition that they want three cents more an hour for their labor. Their conduct must have been exemplary indeed when "an officer of the New York Central Railroad" is reduced to informing a reporter that the strikers ought to be discountenanced because, although no illegal act can be specified against them, "at heart their animosity against the men who have taken their places is as violent as though it had broken out in open hostility."

A HEALTHY CURIOSITY.

An indomitable inquisitiveness is sometimes a quality indispensable to an officer who is determined to "mind his own business," and this quality it is evident that Mr. Low, the young Mayor of Brooklyn, possesses to the requisite extent. Being *ex officio* a trustee of the East River Bridge, he has been making resolute efforts to find out the exact condition of the affairs of that very mysterious enterprise. At the last meeting he called for information as to the material supplied and the work done on the structure during the previous month—an inquiry which should have been readily responded to had the resolutions already adopted by the Board been complied with. But he might as well have asked the Sphinx for a report on the construction of the Pyramids. The President of the Board could only tell the Mayor that he had received "no report"; and when Mr. Low asked why, and whether the president knew anything himself in regard to the matter, and how it would be possible to get any information, he only succeeded in getting a repetition of the remark that "no report had been submitted." This condition of things in the management of a great public trust and the expenditure of public money is so grotesquely outrageous as to present a ludicrous side. But it is also a sign of a very serious evil. The men who constitute the Board of Bridge Trustees enjoy a high social and business standing, but they lend the weight of their personal reputation to methods precisely such as dishonest men gladly employ to cover up their pilfering, and then they go home to their libraries or their dining-rooms and bewail the prevalence of extravagance and rascality in public affairs. It will not be Mayor Low's fault if they be not, in the long-run, made ashamed of their conduct.

"CAVEAT EMPTOR."

The attention of our readers is respectfully directed to an article under the above heading, which will be found on page 455. The subject discussed is one of interest to all buyers.

DIRT.

An opera manager used to be defined as a person who lost all his money for the pleasure of being blackguarded by everybody. Mr. Walton, erstwhile a "plunger," and at present a street-cleaning contractor, seems to be of the opinion that the old definition would apply more accurately to a person who undertakes this latter function. To a reporter the other day the ex-plunger pathetically observed that the streets were cleaner than they ever had been before, and yet nobody gave him any credit. Let us repair the ingratitude of republics. The streets *are* cleaner than they ever were before, and the improvement is due to the zeal of the ex-plunger. The popular ingratitude, however, will cease to surprise the ex-plunger when he is older in the public service. Besides, street-cleaning is a field of activity in which ingratitude for good service is almost inevitable. Dr. Johnson's remark about lexicography is equally applicable to street-cleaning. While other artists may aspire to praise, the most conscientious scavenger can only hope to escape reproach. Dirt, unlike Cato's statue and some other things, is not conspicuous by its absence. Only its presence attracts attention. And yet the ex-plunger's complaint is natural. There are many streets in New York of which the inhabitants scarcely knew what they were paved with until Mr. Walton and his Italians rendered the pavements visible. The effect of these labors may very probably be seen in the lowering of the death rate. During the oppressive heat of last week, if the usual heaps of festering garbage had lain day after day exposed to the action of the sun, very much sickness would certainly have ensued, especially in the poorer quarters of the city, which has now been saved. During the hottest days, and even in the slums, the air was almost pure compared with its usual midsummer fœtor. For all this by all means let Mr. Walton have credit. The task of street-cleaning in New York is made much more burdensome than it ought to be by the wretched condition of the streets as regards paving. Many of the pavements were badly laid in the first place. All are replaced in a bungling and slovenly way after they have been disturbed by the private corporations which are allowed to lay pipes and wires under the surface. It is very hard to clean, and almost impossible to keep clean, the ruts and holes thus left. New York has not yet come to the modern idea of the differentiation of pavements—granite blocks for heavy traffic carried on in springless trucks, and asphalt for lighter traffic and for driving. The latter system incurred a popular prejudice by reason of the wretchedness of the poultice with which Fifth Avenue was besmeared in Tweed's time. But we need not now go to Paris, we need only go to Washington, to see how sound and solid, how easily swept, and how easily repaired, is a well-laid asphalt pavement, and how much pleasanter than any block pavement it is to drive over.

PERSONAL.

Visitors at Long Branch who attend the new Episcopal church, near the Elberon, can not have failed to notice the quiet solicitude for the accommodation of strangers manifested by Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who is always in readiness to provide them with seats. Never, it is said, has his obliging courtesy to strangers failed, except on a single occasion. A fussy old lady wanted a front seat, and he gave her one close to the chancel rail. Then she wanted a prayer-book, and he hunted up one for her. "Will you please hand me that fan?" was her next request, pointing to one in an adjoining pew, and the accommodating usher complied. "Now won't you move that footstool for me?" But, with patience exhausted, Mr. Childs was half-way down the aisle attending to the wants of some less exacting visitors. It should be added that the expenses incurred for services at the new church are not only entirely defrayed by the cottagers at the West End and Elberon, but that the liberal collections taken up on each Sunday are given intact to the older but less wealthy parish in Long Branch village.

—The youngest judge on the Supreme Court Bench of this State is Judge Albert Haight, of Buffalo, who has recently been sitting at Chambers in this city. He was elected County Judge of Erie County when only twenty-six years old, and before the expiration of his term was elected to the Supreme Bench. He is now about thirty-five years of age, and is held in high esteem by the bar, and by the citizens of Western New York, where he resides.

—The Rev. Henry Giles, one of the most successful lecturers who have appeared in this country, died on the 10th inst. at Hyde Park, Massachusetts, aged seventy-six years. Born in Ireland, he came to this country forty-two years ago, and since then has been chiefly engaged in lecturing. He also published a few volumes of essays, and was a frequent contributor to magazines. He was a strong, outspoken antislavery man, but not an "agitator," and was tolerated in Southern cities for this reason. His last public lecture was for a charity to aid the family of Sergeant Thomas O'Neill, a veteran of the Mexican war, and Major O'Neill, of the Federal army, which was delivered in Boston. A few years ago Mr. Giles was stricken with paralysis, but only within a year did he become feeble, and have to be cared for by the Unitarian Association.

—The Rev. Dr. Henry J. Morton, who for fifty-two years has been rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, is, with the single exception of the Rev. Dr. Shelton, of St. Paul's, Buffalo, the only clergyman of that Church in this country who has had so long a continuous service in one parish. He succeeded Bishop White upon the election of the latter to the episcopate, and the church has had only the two rectors in eighty-two years.

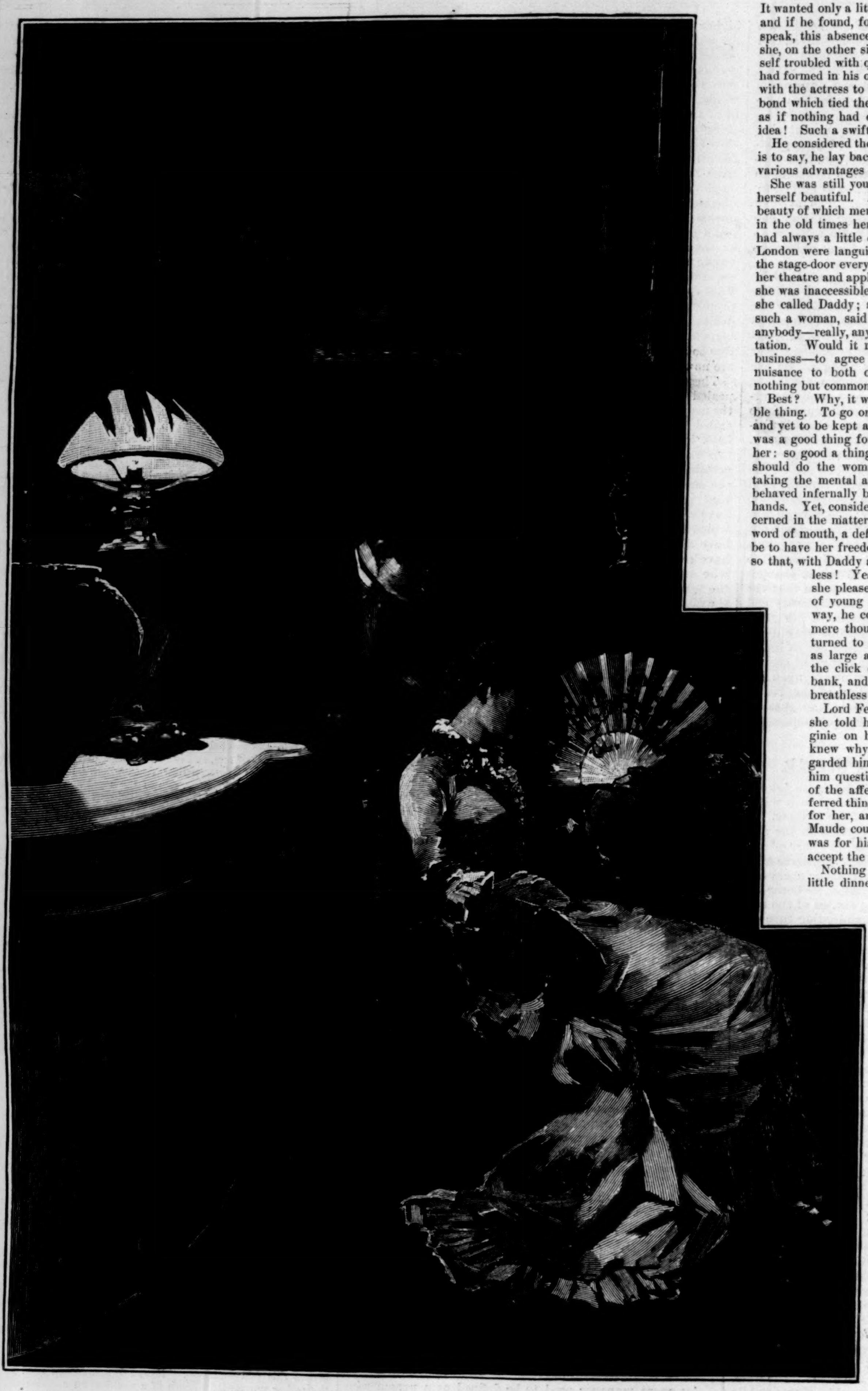
—The three candidates for the Governorship of Pennsylvania, Messrs. Beaver, Stewart, and Pattison, appeared on the same platform in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July, and after shaking hands and drinking together out of a big silver loving-cup, made addresses full of patriotism and no politics. The people were greatly elated at the unusual spectacle. Another interesting incident of the Fourth occurred at Phœnix, New York, when Alanson Townsend, aged ninety-five, and a veteran of 1812, repeated from memory the Declaration of Independence, which has been his annual custom for three-quarters of a century.

—The Vermont Howards seem to know no end in well-doing. Miss Louisa Howard, of Burlington, has just given to the University of Vermont $5000 for the establishment of five scholarships to be known by her name.

—Our English exchanges mention the probability of the appointment of the Dominican Father Wilberforce to the Roman Catholic see of Hexham and Newcastle, England, and at the same time allude to his cousin, Ernest Wilberforce (quite a young man), who has just been consecrated Episcopal Bishop of Newcastle. In looking over the Rev. Mr. Mozley's *Reminiscences of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*, we find frequent mention of the Wilberforces, ancestors of these two, who were more or less conspicuous in the "Tractarian" era; and at page 245, Vol. I., occurs this odd sentence: "Henry Wilberforce used to relate the rather unguarded speech of a well-known archdeacon, friend of Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, 'It's remarkable that all the most spiritually minded men I have known were in their youth extraordinary liars.'"

—A *Tribune* correspondent, describing the *personnel* of the London *Daily Telegraph*, says of Mr. George Augustus Sala, a prominent member of its staff: "Mr. Sala is the most industrious of men, not only in writing, but in storing facts and references in a perfect arsenal of commonplace-books. He is an admirable impromptu speaker, and makes the best after-dinner speech in London. His talk is even more delightful than his writings, full of odd bits of out-of-the-way knowledge and quaint humor. Excluding monologists like the late Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Hare from the list of agreeable conversationists, I should unhesitatingly give Mr. Sala the first place. There are very few people in London whose talk is worth listening to. Following humbly, and at a sufficiently respectful distance, Byron, who placed on the roll of European fame Brummel first, Napoleon second, and Byron third, I shall place my English talkers: George Augustus Sala first, Edmund Yates second, and Abraham Hayward, Q. C., third.

—Mr. William Warren is to be "ovated" in Boston on the 27th of October next, the anniversary of his fiftieth year as a comedian. Since August, 1847, he has been continuously a member of the Boston Museum Company, and is not only the actor of all who is most admired by that public, but is an especial favorite in private with all that is best of the literary and professional life of Boston. The American stage has no representative more charming and estimable than Mr. William Warren.



"AT LAST, SHE THOUGHT, EVEN HIS COLD HEART WAS MOVED."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1330, Vol. XXVI.]

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "When the Ship Comes Home," etc.

PART II.—IN THE SEASON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ONLY WAY OUT OF IT.

On that night Virginie dined with her cousins. No one was at the dinner except Mrs. Hallowes and Guy, who was for once in a good temper, and actually did something toward promoting the cheerfulness of the evening. For this small mercy Maude was grateful. The reason why he was in a good temper was that he had only that very morning hit upon an idea which seemed to him not only the most excellent way out of his perplexities, but also the only way out. Because he was now perfectly assured that unless he married an heiress there was nothing more that he could do to avert the crash. And because that idea seemed good in his own ideas, he saw a hundred reasons why it would seem good in the eyes of the other person chiefly concerned with it.

The idea was the following:

On arriving in London he realized, principally through the photograph shops, the truth of his wife's statement that she, the woman whom he regarded with so lively a detestation, had become, almost at one step, one of the most popular actresses of the day. For her face greeted him with smiling eyes from every bookseller's shop, from every photographer's, and from every stationer's. Violet Lovelace was before him everywhere. He could buy her picture showing full face, three-quarter face, side face; he could buy her looking into a glass, tying a hood round her head, gazing heavenward, in riding-habit, in her favorite character, seated, standing, kneeling. After the first shock he cared very little about it, and ceased to be irritated by the sight of a woman he would fain have forgotten. She had succeeded. Very well; let her succeed, so long as she kept her secret. It was not until that very morning that he began to think how this very success, instead of being a danger to him, might actually be of the greatest use.

It wanted only a little—a little—well—a little absence of scruple; and if he found, for his own part, that he could contribute, so to speak, this absence of scruple, why was it to be supposed that she, on the other side, who had as much to gain, would show herself troubled with qualms of conscience? For the plan which he had formed in his own mind was nothing but this—why not agree with the actress to break off suddenly, and say no more about the bond which tied them together? All they had to do was to go on as if nothing had ever happened at all. Such simplicity in the idea! Such a swift and sudden cutting of a Gordian knot!

He considered the subject dispassionately, as he thought. That is to say, he lay back in his chair, and followed in imagination the various advantages of the plan.

She was still young; she was—well, perhaps she still thought herself beautiful. How could he ever have been charmed by the beauty of which men raved? She was clever, they said; certainly in the old times her tongue was free and her temper sharp; she had always a little court of admirers about her; half the men in London were languishing for her; a great crowd gathered round the stage-door every night to see her drive away; Princes went to her theatre and applauded; the men at his club talked about her; she was inaccessible; she was guarded by old Paul Perigal, whom she called Daddy; she lived a quiet and blameless life. Why, such a woman, said Guy, has excellent chances: she may marry anybody—really, anybody; she has only to be careful of her reputation. Would it not be best—say as a calm, cold matter of business—to agree together that this business, a most awful nuisance to both of them, should be terminated? It wanted nothing but common consent, and silence afterward.

Best? Why, it was the only thing to be done—the only possible thing. To go on as they were all their lives—thus to be tied and yet to be kept apart—could anything be more foolish? If it was a good thing for himself, it was surely a far better thing for her: so good a thing was it for her, that he hesitated whether he should do the woman so kind a turn. Certainly, he thought, taking the mental attitude such a man always assumes, she had behaved infernally badly to himself, and deserved nothing at his hands. Yet, considering how greatly his own interests were concerned in the matter, he would go and see her, and make her, by word of mouth, a definite offer of release. How happy she would be to have her freedom! How cleverly she had played her cards so that, with Daddy always at her side, her reputation was blameless! Yes; he would let her marry when and where she pleased. Benevolent young man! Most unselfish of young men! And then, when she was out of the way, he could marry his cousin—and her *dot*. At the mere thought of that pile of money his fancy lightly turned to green meadows, green pastures, green lawns as large as tables, with shepherds sitting around, and the click of coin, and the voice of him who held the bank, and the fierce joy of him who won, and the breathless expectations of him who waited the event.

Lord Ferrier sat with Mrs. Hallowes on his right—she told him stories and amused him—and with Virginie on his left. It pleased him, though he hardly knew why, to know that this beautiful creature regarded him with so much respect: he liked her to ask him questions, to venture timidly on showing a return of the affection which he bestowed upon her; he referred things to her, asked her opinions, proposed plans for her, and gave her presents. He courted her, as Maude courted her, but unconsciously, for his son. It was for his sake, not for his own, that Virginie would accept the offer of her cousin.

Nothing would have been more pleasant than this little dinner *en famille*. To Virginie its chief charm was the beauty and fitness of its setting. Mrs. Hallowes had everything, without doubt, as it ought to be. Her furniture was of the most modern fashion; her decorations of the most approved type; the house was spacious and new; but her rooms lacked something. You can not make old things; you can not add the charm which lies in old furniture, old pictures, old bric-à-brac, all belonging to each other. Mrs. Hallowes had large rooms, and spacious; and these were small. The things in her house were good, but they were new. Here the plate was old, the furniture was old, the pictures were old; there was an old-fashioned air about the whole, far more pleasing than anything of the newest fashion. And at his end of the table sat the chief, old himself, yet in the most beautiful and picturesque time of man's life—the time of autumn, the age of stateliness and dignity, not of decrepitude. Maude herself, with her thin, pale cheeks and lustrous eyes, her dress of black velvet, with a diamond cross, looked in her place as doing duty for the Châtelaine. A quiet, easy dinner, in which every one felt that in a home dinner conversation need not be forced. Maude saw her brother looking at the girl she wanted him to marry with eyes that seemed full of admiration. At last, she thought, even his cold heart was moved. He was moved—a little—as much as his anxieties allowed him to be moved—as much as any woman could then have moved him. The prospect of release removed a load of those anxieties. The thought that his sister expected him to propose to the girl immediately, and the satisfaction of considering that he might really be free and able to take that step, made him regard her more curiously. Yes, she was certainly a very pretty girl, and of a type not common in these realms. As Maude watched him she thought, but only for a moment—because it was but a wild hope, a hopeless hope—that perhaps his affections might be fixed, and the attractions of the green table be forgotten. But she was too sensible to dwell upon this happiness. She knew, from long and patient study of her brother, that his case was really as hopeless as the case of a habitual drunkard. He would have his vicissitudes. With money to spare he might run on for years; but, in the long-run, the end was certain. All that could be lost would be lost. Yet, with this absolute certainty of knowledge, she would not hesitate for a moment to sacrifice the innocent and truthful girl who believed all she was told, and suspected no motive. If the evil time must come, let it be put off as long as possible; perhaps it might not come till he who would feel it most would know it and feel it no more.

"Guy," said Lord Ferrier, when they were alone, "your cousin is a very charming girl."

"Yes, sir, she is very charming."

"And very beautiful."

"She is very beautiful."

"Is she—has she any entanglement?"

"I believe, sir, she has none."

Lord Ferrier looked about him, and stroked his chin reflectively.

"Then, Guy," he said, "we will go upstairs."

The three ladies were sitting together. Mrs. Hallowes presently rose and began talking to Lord Ferrier. Maude went to the piano and began to play something. Guy sat down beside Virginie. Perhaps it was the soft atmosphere of the room; perhaps the wine he had been drinking; perhaps the sense of freedom gained by his newly conceived idea; perhaps the words of his father, which made his heart feel an unwonted glow as he looked upon the girl whose fortune would make all things right for him.

"You are looking, Mrs. Hallowes," said his lordship, "at one of my pictures"—it represented a girl in a field; and Mrs. Hallowes was wondering, before she burst into admiration, whether it was meant for a gypsy, or perhaps an Indian woman, or a brown fairy. "My daughter when at the age of fifteen. Thank you; yes, it is admitted to be a speaking likeness. Yet the Academy refused it. You see," he added, with a smile, "they will not allow a man who has a title to paint. We must not touch things professional."

"Is it possible?" cried Mrs. Hallowes, who knew almost as much about art as poor Virginie. "Is it possible? The most delicately painted, the most striking likeness!"

Virginie was sitting in an easy-chair, beside a lamp covered with a soft, warm shade, whose color was reflected on her cheek; other lamps with soft shades were standing about the room, so that it glowed with a soft, subdued light. She held a fan in her hand; her eyes were soft and dreamy; she was listening to the soft and dreamy music.

Maude went on playing, and watched with keen and anxious eyes. So far all was well; her brother, for the first time in her experience, seemed attracted; she played more softly—more dreamily. In the old, old days, when he was a lad fresh from Eton, and still open to sweet influences, this dreamy music would make him sit listening as long as she chose to play. The thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts; and now he was a man, with hardened heart, and the old innocence was gone; but yet the music touched him.

Yet not as it had done formerly, when it roused his mind for a moment to noble ambitions. Now it fell upon his soul as some potent drug mounts to the brain, and makes a man see things which exist not and believe things impossible to be real. His freedom was already achieved—somehow; he was actually free—in imagination. The "other one" had actually accepted her discharge—in his imagination.

He was able to do—under these happy circumstances—what his sister wanted him to do. He would make her happy; he would make his cousin happy; he would make his father happy. Everybody should be happy—till the money was all gone. He put the thing to himself in this lively, benevolent way, as if it was a duty closely connected with the fifth commandment.

"Virginie," he whispered.

She blushed. It was the first time that her cousin had addressed her by her Christian name.

"Virginie," he repeated, gently. I have said that he had a low, rich voice.

Maude heard. She saw her brother's bending head and her cousin's blushing cheeks; and she went on playing more softly, more dreamily, as if her very soul were wrapped and lapped in the melody.

"May I see you alone?" he asked. "Virginie, my happiness is at stake."

His own happiness, of course. After all, you can't ask a girl to marry you on the ground that it will make her happy. Less selfish men than Guy approach this delicate subject in the same manner.

"My happiness is at stake," he repeated, feeling quite sure that the magnitude of the interests involved could not fail of moving any woman's heart.

She made no reply. Maude, watching, saw how her color came and went.

Then Lord Ferrier stepped to her and interrupted the conversation.

"Will you sing to me, my dear?" he said. "Will you sing me one of your little French songs?"

"If that will give you any pleasure, my lord."

"All that you do, fair cousin, gives me pleasure. You are born under a happy star—to give nothing but pleasure to all who love you, my dear."

She smiled, and sung her song. Guy stood by her. When she finished he whispered again: "Let me see you alone. Let me call upon you to-morrow. You will see me alone?"

"I will try," she said, blushing.

Mrs. Hallowes had other engagements for the evening; but when they came away Virginie requested to be set down at home. She had a headache; she wanted to be alone.

"My dear," said her guardian, "Captain Ferrier asked me to-night to allow him to see you to-morrow alone. I told him that I could not possibly make any objection. But your decision is in your own hands, Virginie. Shall I say anything for it—or against it?"

"Oh, no, no!" she replied; "only—it seems so sudden. And what will Captain Kemyss say? and my mother? and Tom?"

"If Tom is a good brother," said Mrs. Hallowes, "he will be rejoiced. Captain Kemyss is a sensible man. Of course he will be rejoiced. And as for your mother, why, my dear, can it be possible that she would not rejoice at your marriage with the heir who will some day be the head of the House, the future Lord Ferrier? Ask your heart, my dear, and leave the rest to me."

"I ask my heart in vain," said the girl, half laughing, half sighing, "for I get no reply."

"You do not dislike him?"

"Oh, no, no! How can I dislike a man so good and noble as Guy?"

Mrs. Hallowes said nothing for a while. She was, in fact, lost in natural admiration of Maude's great cleverness, because she had, for her own part, looked in vain for the least sign of this great nobility. Maude had filled this young person's mind with a romantic and impossible conception of her brother's character. Nevertheless, if the end was good, what matter for the means? Besides, is there any romance which lasts beyond the fourth week of the honey-moon?

"If you do not dislike him, my dear child, the way is already paved for love. But, indeed, I would not seek to persuade you. Ask, I say again, your own heart."

All night long Virginie lay tossing, disquiet, anxious. If she dropped asleep dreadful dreams came to her. She was back at Mon Désir. Tom looked at her with reproachful eyes; the Professor held up hands at her and turned away in despair, reminding her that he had always loved her, and expected to be considered after Tom; even Captain Kemyss, when he saw her coming slowly up the avenue of palms, dropped his face in his hands, as if he were ashamed of her.

But why? For surely it was a great thing for her, and a thing which her father would have liked; and Captain Ferrier was the best of men, although of such sensitive and highly strung nature; and perhaps it would please Lord Ferrier; and Maude would like it; and Mrs. Hallowes would like it. And yet—and yet—some fear, some regret, some disappointment in her mind. And when she rose on the morning which was to be that of her betrothal it was with red eyes and a heavy heart.

"Guy," Maude whispered before they parted, "what did you say to Virginie to-night?"

"I could not say much with all of you in the room. What I am to say to-morrow will please you, Maude."

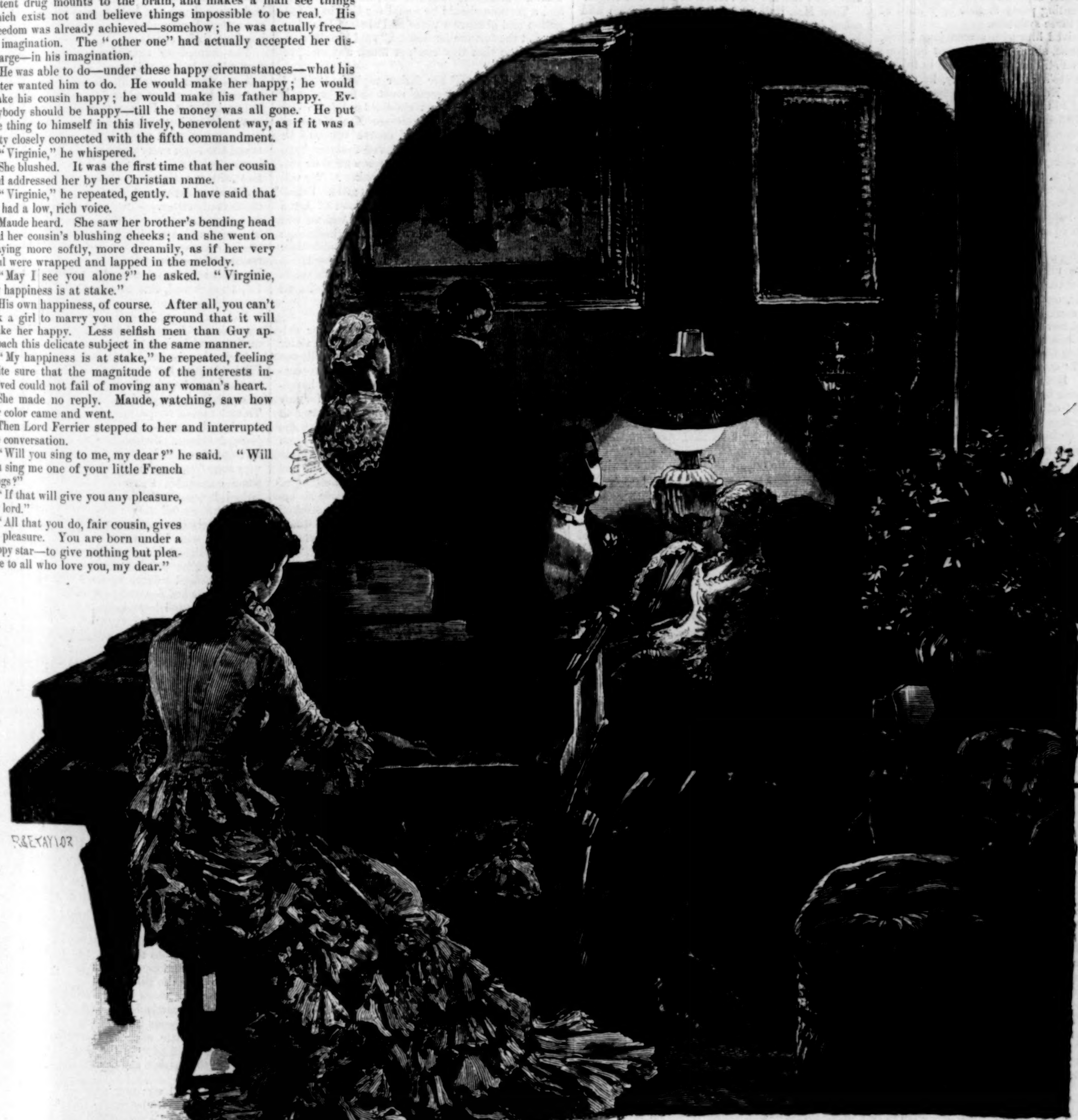
"I hope it will please her."

"I suppose it will. Why shouldn't it? Most girls like to marry an eldest son. Besides— Oh! of course it will please her."

"And then—Guy—Guy— Remember, a wife is not a sister." The tears came into her eyes. "If you make her unhappy—as you have made me unhappy—I should never forget that, if I had told her the truth, she would rather die than marry you. Yet, if not for you, for my father's sake I would do it again, whatever the consequences. I would rather that Virginie were unhappy than that his last years should be disgraced."

"Thank you, Maude. You are a kind and loving sister. You always contrive to say such pleasant things when a man has gone out of his way to please you!"

"I say the truth to you now and then, because I can not help it, I suppose. Good-night, Guy. You have got all my little fortune; you have got all the money you can raise on your reversionary interests; you are loaded and crushed with debts; you have gambled everything away. There is this one chance left you—a sweet and true-hearted girl, who will love you for yourself, if you show her a grain of sympathy, and who will bring you a fortune that will set you up for life, unless you throw that away as well. But I know—oh! I know—what will be the end of it. It is all I can do for you, Guy; your last chance—your last



"SHE WAS LISTENING TO THE SOFT AND DREAMY MUSIC."

chance. And God forgive you if—" Her voice broke, and she left him.

Guy looked after her angrily.

"What the devil," he said, "has come to Maude to-night? As for Virginie—"

Then he thought of the money-bags, and that sweet vision of green cloth floated before his eyes, and he smiled. What mattered Maude's anger or Virginie's happiness, compared with the glorious fight with chance lying almost within his grasp? He went to his club, and drank a brandy and soda. Then he remembered the interview which he must have some time with his wife. His conscience was pretty well dead within him; but yet he did seem to remember that there was an ugly word in three syllables which stood for a certain unlawful thing, only possible to be committed by men already once married. But then—pah!—absurd! Violet would be only too glad to accept her release.

CHAPTER V.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

On the morning Captain Ferrier made a mistake which is common, indeed, but always fatal—that is to say, he put the cart before the horse. In other words, he reckoned his chickens before they were hatched. To be more precise, because he wanted a thing to happen he supposed that it was going to happen, even though rivers would have to run up hills and rain to fall out of cloudless skies. To be intelligible to the meanest comprehension, he neglected to follow an old precept, designed for such as himself, which teaches that it is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. Bluebeard owed the greatest successes of his romantic career to remembering this proverb, which Captain Ferrier forgot. To come to facts, he called upon Virginie before he called upon Violet. Now it was most essential for the successful conduct of his case that the latter should fall in with his views and be a consenting party to that ugly word of six letters and three syllables.

Virginie received him with a conscious blush, because, of course, she knew well what he came to say. She was still actively engaged in following Mrs. Hallowes's advice—namely, in asking her own heart. Nothing is more difficult to do, when you come to try it. For, first, how are you to put your questions? What questions are you to put? And suppose you get no answer—what are you to do next? This was exactly poor Virginie's case. She wanted to find out how she should like to marry her cousin, and she could not get the least glimpse or foreshadowing of what would happen, or how things might be, either toward happiness or repentance in the future. Nor could she understand herself as Guy Ferrier's daily companion. If she had been older, more experienced, a reader of novels or of poetry, she would have understood perfectly well that there was no fluttering of her heart at the prospect before her, and that she cared nothing at all about the man, but only respected an ideal. Also she would have understood that what Mrs. Hallowes and ladies like unto her mean by the phrase of asking one's heart is to be interpreted in the sense of "consider the establishment and the position." But this she did not understand, and it would have been incredible to her that her cousin, this soul of honor and fine feeling, could esteem her fortune as of the least importance in asking her to be his wife. She was as yet little more than a child in experience, though eighteen years of age: she knew nothing more of society than she had learned from four months with Mrs. Hallowes, and even that lady knew nothing about the personal character of Captain Ferrier. To be sure, the personal character of the heir to a peerage must be very, very bad to form an obstacle to marriage; yet there are some vices, of which the inveterate vice of gambling is one, which can not be overlooked even by women of the world. English girls teach each other and learn from books and the talk of their elders the true meaning, the proportion, the value of things, especially of money and rank, concerning which no "class of persons" can be said to feel more strongly or to distinguish more correctly. But who was to teach this young colonial that nothing is what it seems to be, and that we build our social structure on make-believe and assumption?

In one of the queer, wild, *déréglés* romances of the last century, when the French, like the Russians of the present day, were busy tearing every social institution up by the roots, to see whether it would not grow equally well with the roots up and the head down, there was a certain ingenious Abbé, who wrote the history of a young lady brought up in a single room, and introduced to the outside world after she arrived at years of womanhood. Naturally she took a new, original, and quite unconventional view of the things which she saw. Virginie was in something of the same condition as the young lady brought up in the room. She believed what she was told and what she saw. Therefore, when Maude told her how great and good and generous a man was her only brother, she naturally accepted the assurance, and wondered where so admirable a man would find a wife worthy of him. That she herself would be asked to occupy that position was, indeed, most amazing. And now he stood before her; he bent over her; he whispered in his low, full voice, which really sounded as if he was full of feeling.

"Virginie! you know why I am here. Will you bid me hope?"

She made no reply, because she did not know what to say.

"It is for my own happiness." These were the same words he had used last night; and it did seem to Virginie, even at that moment, as if, at such a moment, there was more to be considered than her suitor's happiness.

Still she made no reply.

"My sister Maude will be pleased, I know. My father will be pleased, I am sure. Virginie, give me your hand."

He took it. He held it. Then he stooped and kissed her forehead. She had said nothing—not one word; but she was engaged.

Her lover dropped her hand and walked to the window, with a sigh. Why did he sigh? He staid there for a few minutes without saying anything. Then he came back and sat beside her.

He spoke slowly, and said little, and that little was strange. It was an arrangement, he repeated, in cold and measured words, that would be satisfactory to all concerned. It was necessary for him to marry; it was pleasant to marry his cousin; they would have an early day fixed; his father would, perhaps, be the best person to write to Captain Kemyss, and she should write to her mother, and perhaps she would tell Mrs. Hallowes, and so they could all go on just the same as before. "Of course," he said, "I shall be delighted to do anything for you that I possibly can. You will, I know, command me. But about balls and evening parties—"

"Oh, I do not want you to go anywhere unless you like."

"Thank you. I am not fond of these social things. You greatly relieve me. It is very good of you." He spoke with an approach to feeling. "I always think that a pair of people who are going to be married look absurd going about together. So glad that you agree with me."

Then he rose, and said that he believed there was no more to be said, and he kissed her again on the forehead and went away.

Poor Virginie had no experience in love-making, and had read few novels; but she had looked for the display of more feeling. Still, a man of Guy's refinement was not to be expected to make boisterous love, like a common rustic and an ungoverned person. Perhaps, however, he would say more when he recovered from the emotion under which he had been laboring—that sigh!—and when she herself recovered from her fright.

Then Mrs. Hallowes came into the room and asked her, with a smile, if she had seen Captain Ferrier, and then kissed her, and congratulated her, and told her that she was a girl greatly to be envied, and that her own fortune, added to her lover's position, ought to enable her to take any place—any place she pleased—in society. "And then, my dear," she said, "you will remember me, and ask me to your very best parties."

The happy lover went straight to his sister. He was feeling, in fact, pretty low about the thing he had done. Still, there was no cause for anxiety—not the least. The other person would be rejoiced to meet him half-way. But he rather began to wish that he had paid the less pleasant visit first.

"I've done it, Maude," he said, in deep and sepulchral tones.

"Done it! You mean that you have actually—"

"Yes. I'm engaged to the Creole girl. That's what I mean."

"Oh! Guy. I am so happy and thankful! But why are you looking gloomy over it?"

"Because I feel gloomy."

"I suppose I am a fool; but I confess I can not sympathize with you, my brother."

"No, I did not suppose you would."

"It can't be money at such a moment?"

"It isn't money. It's worse than money, perhaps. Oh! Maude—" Here he stopped. "No. Now I'm engaged," he added, more lightly, "I shall go round and tell them all to wait."

"There is no one, is there," Maude asked, suspiciously, "that you would rather marry? You are not in love somewhere else, are you, Guy?"

"In love! Women are always thinking of love. No; there is no one else I would rather marry. Come, Maude, never mind. Be pleased because you've got what you wanted, and I shall have the money—with the wife. Pity I can't borrow it of her, and let her marry some one else."

"Do you happen to know—but, of course, you could not ask her—how it is settled?"

"I don't know. I suppose I shall get the spending of it, somehow, whichever way it is settled."

"I asked Mrs. Hallowes once, but she does not know. Nor does she know how much it is. There is a charge on the estate for the mother for life; that is all she knows. Well, Guy"—she heaved a great sigh—"you will have it, whatever the amount is; but I hope, I sincerely hope, that it is all tied up and settled upon her, so that she can not even sell out."

"No one loses who can hold on," said Guy, gravely. "The devil of it is having to leave off just when your luck is on the turn. Don't be afraid, Maude. I shall do very well. Will you tell my father, or shall I?"

"Do you tell him, Guy. He will be greatly pleased, I am sure. Go now and tell him; and, for Heaven's sake, my dear boy, try not to look as if you were going to be hanged."

"I wonder," said Maude to herself—"I wonder what it is—who it is? He says there is nobody he would rather marry. At one time I was afraid he might have got himself entangled. But it can't be that. Why has he always set his face against marriage? And shall—oh! shall I—get my jewels back?"

No, she will never get her jewels back, because now she has found out why Guy's engagement oppressed him with so profound a gloom.

Lord Ferrier was, indeed, greatly pleased. Nothing that his son had done pleased him so much. Indeed, the contemplation of his successor's career so far gave him little cause for gratification, although he knew nothing of the quagmire of debts, liabilities, money raised on reversionary interests and post-obits in which Guy was plunged.

"I congratulate you," he said, "on your good taste and good judgment. Virginie is a most charming girl. I shall go this afternoon to tell her so, and to thank her for giving you her hand. Her fortune is considerable, and, properly husbanded, may help to win back some of our lost acres. You must regard it as a trust for that purpose, Guy. Think of your successors."

"I will, sir," said Guy, with conviction.

"I suppose that there is no need to hurry the wedding. We must first get the consent of her mother and her guardian, Captain Kemyss. It is now June. It will take two months or so to get their reply, which we may understand will be favorable. Let us hold the wedding in September, if that will do for everybody; and, considering that Virginie is already a daughter of the House, I think, Guy, that we should celebrate the event at The Towers. But all shall be as she wishes—all as she wishes."

The old man began to make plans for the happiness of the young pair. They should live at The Towers, if they pleased; he wanted nothing but bachelor's quarters there; they could have the town house where they pleased, and so on.

"And, Guy, now that you are engaged, I think you should send in your papers. You have had nearly ten years' soldiering, which is five more than my allowance. A country gentleman owes duties to his country; and, if I were you, I would take up politics. Your wife, with her wonderful beauty and her manner, which is charming, is fitted to become a leader of society. She might even become to the Conservative cause what Lady Palmerston was to the Liberals. She should be of the greatest help to you, if you care for a political career. And why not, Guy?—why not? Surely there never was a time when there was a better opening for a man of ability. Think it over."

"I will, sir," said Guy. "I will think it over."

He went away, and his father fell to building castles in the air, based on the many virtues of his promised daughter-in-law. Then Maude came, and they talked together about it, and how wonderfully things had turned out as they wished, and what a remarkable Providence it was that a bride and a fortune should be found for Guy in so forgotten and obscure a place as Palmiste Island.

"Let the fortune be tied up," said Maude, anxiously, "so that Guy can not touch any of it, or dispose of it."

"By all means," her father replied. "Yet I like a wife to show some trust in her husband. All these arrangements should be left to her guardian. We will go and see Mrs. Hallowes this afternoon, Maude. Of course you will be gracious to her. I have observed that you have always been kind to her. Perhaps with a view—Maude, is every woman a match-maker? We will go this afternoon, and we will bring gifts. I shall give her one of my pictures—the Joan of Arc, I think, or the Mary Queen of Scots. And we will find something pretty among the old gimcracks: something belonging to your great-grandmother, who was also her own. That she will value much better than if we bought her some new trinket in Bond Street. Come, Maude, let us go and turn over some of the pretty things."

Thus was Virginie engaged: thus was she welcomed as a daughter by the old Lord and a sister by Maude. They all dined with Mrs. Hallowes that evening. Guy was still silent and preoccupied—thinking over his great and singular happiness, no doubt. Virginie looked in vain for any words of the deeper heart, because none came at all. And even Mrs. Hallowes thought, though she said nothing, that a little attention was due from the young man to his *fiancée;* and that Captain Ferrier seemed certainly the coldest lover she had ever heard of. But Lord Ferrier saw nothing of this: he was the lover; he made Virginie sit beside him, and held her hand in his, and stroked her hair, and whispered how happy she would make him in becoming his daughter, and what a lucky man was his son.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.

The first burst of distress was followed by the torment of suspense: for several days, at Sarah's request, the friendly police watched the steamboats, to give her an opportunity of appeasing her burglar; and all this time her eye was always on the street by day, her ear ever on the watch for the music of the blackguard's step. She kept hoping something from paternal affection: why should he abandon Lucy? *She* had never offended him.

But in time proof was brought her that he had actually levanted in a sailing vessel bound for New York.

I do not practice vivisection, and will not detail all the sufferings of an insulted and deserted wife—sufferings all the more keen that she was a woman of great spirit and rare merit, and admired for her looks and her qualities by everybody except her husband. Public sympathy was offered her. A Liverpool journal got the incident from the police, and dealt with it in a paragraph headed

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BURGLAR.

The writer of paragraphs, after the manner of his class, seasoned the dish from his own spice box. A revolver was levelled at the auto-burglar by the wife's friend; but the wife disarmed him, a circumstance the writer deplored, and hoped that, should "sponsa-burglary" recur, even conjugal affection would respect the interests of society, and let the bullet take its course.

Pinder read out this paragraph, or paraphrase, and translated the last sentence into the vulgar tongue. Then Deborah revelled in it. Sarah was horrified at the exposure, and indignant at a journal presuming to meddle with conjugalia. To hear her, one would infer that if a blackguard should murder his wife, it ought to be hushed up, all matters between husband and wife, good or bad, being secret and sacred, and all indictments thereon founded obtrusive, impertinent, and indelicate.

A great sorrow has often compensations that do the heart no good at the moment; but time reveals their importance, and that they would have been comforters at the time, could the sufferers have foreseen what was coming. This observation is not necessarily connected with trust in Providence; yet the good, who suffer, should consider man's inability to foresee the events of a single day, and also that they are in the hands of One before Whom what we call the future lies flat like a map along with the past and the present.

Even my own brief experience of human life has shown me the truth and value of these lines, so comforting to just men and women:

"With steady mind thy course of duty run:
God never does, nor suffers to be done,
Aught but thyself wouldst do, couldst thou foresee
The end of all events so well as He."

This story is not written to support that or any other theory; but as all its curious incidents lie before me, I can not help being struck with the numerous conversions of evil into unexpected good which it reveals.

The immediate examples are these. In the first place, before this great and enduring grief fell on Sarah Mansell, Mr. Joseph Pinder had a natural but narrow-minded contempt for Mrs. Deborah Smart. He saw a six months' widow husband-hunting without disguise. To put it in his own somewhat rough but racy language, she raked the town every night for No. 2. But when lasting grief fell upon Sarah, he saw this imperfect widow resign her matrimonial excursions night after night, and exhaust her ingenuity to comfort her sister. Sometimes it was rough comfort, sometimes it was the indirect comfort of kindness and attention, but sometimes it was a tender sympathy he had never expected from so rough and ready a rustic. Thereupon Pinder and Deborah became friends, and as Sarah was grateful, though sad, this wove a threefold cord—a very strong one.

The second good result was one that even the mourning wife appreciated, because she was a mother, and looked to the future.

Seeing her deserted and in need of help, Joseph Pinder became her servant, and yet her associate. For a fair salary he threw himself into the business, and very soon improved and enlarged it. Tinned meats, soups, and fruits were just then fighting for entrance into the stomach of the prejudiced Briton. Joseph prevailed on the sisters to taste these, and select the good ones. They very soon found that amongst the trash there were some comestible treasures, such as the Boston baked beans, Australian beef briskets, and an American ox-tail soup; also, the pears of one firm in Delaware, and the peaches of another.

Pinder, who, like many workmen, was an ingenious fellow, had invested his savings in a type-writer, and he printed short notices, and inundated inns and private kitchens with the praises of the above articles, and personally invited many cooks and small housekeepers to the use of his cheap American soup for gravies. "Where," said he, "is the sense of your boiling down leg of beef for gravies and stews and things? Here are six rich stews, or hashes, for 10*d*., and no trouble but to take it out of a can."

One day Sarah showed him, with sorrowful pride, James Mansell's "panels," as he called them. That personage, before he took to drink, was an enthusiast in his art, and he had produced about fifteen specimens on thin panels two feet square. They were really magnificent. Joseph cleaned and varnished them; then caught a moderate grainer, and made him study them; then put one or two of them in a window, with a notice: "Graining done in first-rate style by a pupil of Joseph Mansell." The trade soon heard, and gave the young man a trial. He was not up to the mark of his predecessor, but, thanks to the models, and Pinder overlooking his work, he was accepted by degrees, and so Mrs. Mansell drove her husband's trade and her own enlarged. Money flowed in by two channels, and did not flow out for "drink." Pinder's salary was not one-tenth part of the increase his zeal and management brought into the safe, and now there was no drunkard and auto-burglar to drain the wife's purse and tap the till.

In the three years whose incidents I have decided not to particularize, and so be trivoluminous, not luminous, the deserted wife had purchased the little shop and premises in Green Street, and had £400 in the bank, Pinder having declared the London and County Bank to be safer than a safe.

Lucy Mansell was now over seven, and a precocious girl, partly by nature (for she came of a clever father and a thoughtful mother), but partly by living, not with children, but with grown-up people. As she inherited her mother's attention, and was a born mimic, she seemed to strangers cleverer than she was. The sprightliness of Aunt Deborah naturally attracted this young person, and of course she admired what at any young ladies' school she would have been expressly invited to avoid—the by-words and blunt idioms that garnished Mrs. Smart's discourse.

Now, having faithfully though briefly chronicled the small beer, I come to the events of an exciting day.

Sarah sat at the counter, sewing, and ready to serve customers. Lucy sat at her knee, sewing, and ready to run for whatever might be wanted. Deborah came up from the kitchen with a rump steak and some kidneys in her market basket, and thrust them under her sister's nose. Deborah was a connoisseur of raw meat, luckily for the establishment, and admired it when good. Sarah did not admire it at the best of times, so she said, "I'll take your word."

"Do but feel it," persisted Deborah. Thereupon Sarah averted her head.

Deborah warmed. "Wait till you see it at table. I am going to make you a steak and kidney pudding."

"Oh, be joyful!" cried Lucy, and clapped her hands.

"Come, there's sense in the family," remarked Deborah; "and if your mother doesn't enjoy it, I give warning at the table—that's all."

"I'll try, sister," said Sarah, sweetly. "But you know an empty chair at the head of the table is a poor invitation to eat, and the stomach is soon satisfied when the heart is sad."

"That is true, my poor Sal; but, dear heart, is there never to be an end of fretting for a man that left you like that, and has never sent you a line?"

"That is my grief. I am afraid he is dead."

"Not he. He has got plenty more mischief to do first. Now I'm afraid you'll hate me, but I can't help it. 'The truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed.' 'Twas the luckiest thing ever happened to any good woman when he left you, and you got a good servant instead of a bad master."

"If I only knew that he was alive!" persisted Sarah, absorbed in her one idea.

Deborah's patience went, and she let out her real mind. She had kept it to herself about eighteen months, so now it came out with a rush. She set her arms akimbo—an attitude she very seldom adopted in reasoning with Sarah. "If so be as you are tired of peace and comfort, and money in both pockets, you put it in the newspapers as you have bought these premises, and got £400 in the bank, and you mark my words, Jemmy Mansell will turn up in a month; but 'tis for your money he will come, not for you nor your child."

This home thrust produced a greater effect on Sarah than Deborah expected; for as a rule Sarah merely defended her husband through thick and thin; but now she was greatly agitated, and when Deborah came to that galling conclusion, she drew herself up to her full height, and said, sternly: "If I thought that, I'd tear him from my heart, though I tore the heart out of my body. Perhaps you think because I'm single-hearted and loving that I am all weakness. You don't know me, then. When I do turn, I turn to stone."

As she said this, her features became singularly rigid, and almost cruel, and as a great pallor overspread them at the same time, she really seemed turned to marble, and the gentle Sarah was scarcely recognizable. Even Deborah, who had known her all her life, stared at her, and suspected she had not yet got to the bottom of her character. Lucy gave the conversation a lighter turn—she thought all this was much ado about nothing. "Don't you fret any more, mamma," said she. "If papa won't come home, you marry Uncle Joe."

Mrs. Mansell remonstrated: "Lucy dear, for shame."

"'No shame, no sin;
No copper, no tin,'"

said Lucy. "Marry him bang! Here he is."

"Hush!" and Sarah reddened like fire.

Pinder opened the shop door, and came briskly in for business. "Good-morning, Sarah; morning, Deborah; morning, little Beauty. Made a good collection this time. Please open your ledger and begin alphabetical. B—Bennett, the new hotel, £3 13*s.* 6*d.* There's the money." Sarah wrote the payment off Bennett in the ledger. Pinder went on putting each payment on the counter in a separate paper. "Church, £1 5*s.*; Mr. Drake, £7 9*s.*"

"That's a he-duck," suggested Lucy.

"You're another, allowing for sex," retorted Pinder. "And now we jump to M—Mr. Mayor."

"That is a she-horse," remarked Lucy, always willing to impart information. Pinder denied that, and said it was the great civic authority of the town, and in proof produced his Worship's check for £17 4*s.* And now what's the news here?" he inquired.

"I'll tell you," said miss, with an obliging air. "Mamma and Aunt Deb have just had a shindy."

"Oh, fie!" cried Deborah. "It's you for picking up expressions."

"Then why do you let them fall?" said the mother. "It's you she copies. We only differed in opinion."

"And bawled at one another," suggested Lucy.

Deborah exclaimed, "Oh, for shame, to say that!"

Says this terrible child: "'The truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed.' You know you did."

"It sounds awful," said Pinder, dryly. "Let us make 'em friends again. What is the row;" and Mr. Pinder grinned incredulous.

"Well," explained Lucy, in spite of a furtive signal from her mother, "mamma fretted because papa does not write; then *she*"—(pointing at Deborah, *malgré* the rules of good-breeding)—"quarrelled her for fretting, and she said, 'You put it in the papers how rich you are, and he'll turn up directly.' Then mamma bounced up and gave it her hot"—(Sarah scandalized, Deborah amused)—"and then it ended with mamma crying. Everything ends with poor mamma crying." Then Lucy flung her arms round her mother's neck, and Pinder suggested, "Little angel."

Sarah kissed her child tenderly, and said, "No, no; no quarrel. And do but give me proof that he is alive, and I'll never shed another tear."

"Is that a bargain?" asked Pinder, quietly.

"That it is."

"Just give me your hand upon it, then." She gave him her hand, and looked eagerly in his face.

He walked out of the shop directly, assailed by a fire of questions, to none of which he replied. The truth is he could not at present promise anything. But he knew this much: that Dick Varney had gone out to New York three months ago, and had been seen at a public-house in the neighborhood of Green Street that very day. Pinder got it into his head that Varney would most likely know whether Mansell was alive or dead. With some difficulty he found Varney. That worthy was dilapidated, so he was induced by the promise of a sovereign to come and tell Mrs. Mansell all he knew about her husband. The sly Varney objected to tell Pinder until he had fingered the money, and asked for an advance. This the wary Pinder declined peremptorily, but showed him the coin.

Thus distrusting each other, they settled to go to Green Street. But when he got to the door, Varney remembered the scene of the burglary, and the woman's distress; he took fright and wanted to go back.

"No, no," said Pinder; "I'll bear the blame of this visit," and almost forced him in.

The family was still all in a flutter, and Deborah bearing her sister company in the shop. Though Sarah had only seen Varney once, his face and figure were indelible in her memory, and at the sight of him she gave a faint scream, put both her hands before her face, and turned her head away into the bargain. "Oh, that man!" she cried.

"There!" said Varney, "she can't bear the sight of me; and no wonder." With this remark—the most creditable he had made for years—he tried to bolt. But Pinder collared him, and held him tight, and for the first time this three years scolded Sarah. "Why, where's the sense of flying at the man, and frightening what little courage he has out of him, and shutting his mouth?"

"No, no," said Deborah, hastily. "If you can tell her anything about her man, don't you doubt your welcome. Let by-gones be by-gones."

"I am bound to answer whatever *she* asks me."

"And I'm bound to give you this, if you do," said Pinder. "Deborah shall hold it meantime." He handed over the sovereign to Deborah. Her fingers closed on it, and did not seem likely to open without the equivalent.

During all this Sarah's eyes had been gradually turning round toward the man, and by a feminine change they now dwelt on him as if they would pierce him.

"You have been to New York?"

"Yes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAVEAT EMPTOR.

A CAUTION TO OUR PATRONS.

In a variety of ways a great many people do business on a great many different kinds of borrowed capital. This fact will be specially apparent when we take into consideration that capital includes not only money, but experience, business tact and ability, reputation, opportunities of acquiring information, standing in the business community, character, and knowledge. It will be equally apparent to the reflecting mind that these qualities are frequently borrowed, or, to speak more plainly, appropriated, without leave, and by trick or device. One of the most common forms of such "borrowing" is by the imitation of business names. Many a man is cheated by some one else using a name or descriptive title, mark or designation, very similar to another that is well known and respected, when if he had exercised close scrutiny and comparison he would have detected the imitation. It is also a lamentable truth that men constantly do business with irresponsible and unauthorized persons without any inquiry whatever as to who and what the persons are with whom they are dealing. They often do not take the trouble to ask an agent for whom it is that he is agent, an inquiry which, if properly made, would in all probability elicit either a satisfactory answer, or lay a good foundation for a prosecution for false pretenses.

This point may be fitly illustrated by some experiences which have more or less relation to our own business affairs, by means of which our attention has been particularly drawn to the carelessness with which many people deal with others, without inquiry, and upon the assumption that they are somebody else, from a mere similarity of name or title.

We have a contract with a reputable firm, called J. G. Crotty & Co., by which they are permitted to collect, print, publish, and sell on their own account, and for their own sole benefit, under certain restrictions, the patterns of fashion illustrations which we have had produced, and have published in our periodical called *Harper's Bazar*.

They properly and appropriately advertise, over their own firm name of J. G. Crotty & Co., the sale of *Harper's Bazar* Patterns, just as a grocer named Smith might advertise on his own account the sale of Duryea's Starch; and they employ agents on their own account to aid them in their business, just as they might employ agents to sell for them Rogers's Statuary.

Now, while Messrs. J. G. Crotty & Co.'s business is legitimate, and, so far as we know, legitimately carried on, they are constantly troubled with complaints and claims from correspondents who have done business with other persons, claiming to be or supposed to be them, and who are said by such correspondents not to have fulfilled their contracts.

One concern calls itself J. G. Crolty & Co.—a style which both looks and sounds much like J. G. Crotty & Co., especially as it seems to be invariably written with the cross of the "t" running over the "l." The complaints are that subscriptions are procured and the patterns not delivered. Not only do J. G. Crotty & Co. suffer, but we are annoyed by letters from persons who illogically imagined that because the article they bargained for was *Harper's Bazar* Patterns, therefore they must be dealing with Harper & Brothers. So troublesome has this become that for the benefit of assuming friends we have inserted in our *Bazar* a warning advertisement, informing them, substantially, that J. G. Crotty & Co. are not Harper & Brothers, and that that venture is theirs, and not ours. Then there are people who send out circulars or contracts about *Harper's Bazar* Patterns, and Harper's Patterns. One has printed on it, "Harper Brothers, New York City," in large type at the end, and, in smaller type, the names of two persons, called Harper, with initials, but no full names, and no address. These may or may not be veritable persons, but certainly they have no connection with our House, nor do we even know them. "Harper Brothers, New York City," is very similar to "Harper & Brothers, New York." All that we can say is, we regret the similarity, but are not responsible for it. We are Harper & Brothers, Publishers, and our address is Nos. 327 to 335 Pearl Street, Franklin Square, New York.

Still another firm, or alleged firm, engaged or supposed to be engaged in some way in the pattern business, sends out its printed contracts signed Harper Brothers & Co., Franklin Square, New York. We know nothing of any such firm. If they have any place of business on Franklin Square, we have never seen it, and never heard of its being seen there, nor have we ever heard of any Harper firm except our own located on Franklin Square. If there is such a firm, they have no connection with us, nor we with them. This is the firm whose contracts we have already referred to as being signed by the name of "J. G. Crolty & Co.," instead of "J. G. Crotty & Co.," the latter being the persons who by contract with us have the right to collect on their own account and sell our *Harper's Bazar* Patterns. The other contract which we have noticed as issued in a name similar to ours is signed "J. Hammond, General Travelling Agent." Another is signed "J. G. Crolty, General Travelling Agent"; another still is signed "George Collins, General Travelling Agent"; another with "Harper Brothers" (not our *exact* name, which, as before stated, is "Harper & Brothers") printed on it is signed "J. G. Addams, General Travelling Agent." We have not and never have had any business connection with these people, principals or agents.

If these circulars or contracts are intended to make the public believe that they in any wise emanate from us, or that they are we, they are frauds upon the public and upon us. Intentionally or otherwise, the firm styles are so similar to our own that careless people may easily mistake them.

Once more. There is said to be a firm or company calling themselves "The Harper Publishing Company." Their circular states that they do business at Nos. 231 and 233 Greenwich Street, New York. This concern is said to be composed of a Mr. Allison and a Mr. J. B. Harper. They are diligently advertising, in a printed circular which they style "Our Drummer," the sale of *Allison's Webster's Dictionary* and nine other books, and soliciting subscriptions in a stock scheme payable in books. We have no connection with this firm whatever, and have not even the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. J. B. Harper. If the name "The Harper Publishing Company" has been assumed to simulate ours, we take great pleasure in making the statement which the previous sentence contained. In any event we are glad to apprise the public that we are not "The Harper Publishing Company."

We advise everybody to find out whom they are proposing to deal with before they begin to deal, and not to trust to a guess, to an assumption, or to the utterly inconclusive argument of appearances. "Let the buyer take care." So far as we are concerned, our only name and style for the past fifty-seven years has been, and it still is, "HARPER & BROTHERS,
Publishers, New York."

Nos. 327 to 335 Pearl Street,
Franklin Square, New York.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Knights of Wise Men, a large organization in the South, is composed of negroes—dark knights, as it were.

"A child was born yesterday on a Cairo Line train," says a St. Louis newspaper. Let the child be named Cairoline.

It was not in the boundless West, but in Connecticut, that a lawyer described the mouth of a witness as "stretching across the wide desolation of his face, the sepulchre of rum and the geyser of falsehood."

The electric light came to the front early in England's war on the Egyptians. On a dark night preceding the bombardment a brilliant beam was flashed to the shore from one of the English vessels, lifting the cover of darkness from the enemy's operations along the water-front. When the Egyptians found themselves working in full view of the men on the vessels, under the glare of a light which seemed almost as brilliant as that of the sun, the startled natives fled. Then the beam of light was swept along the shore, revealing other squads of the Egyptian force, which fled across the limits of the illuminated space into the darkness. It is perhaps not too much to infer that the natives were surprised.

The Kalamazoo Police Committee has three members, while there are only two policemen, and the people of the region of the great lakes are shouting as with one voice, "Whom does the third committee-man boss?"

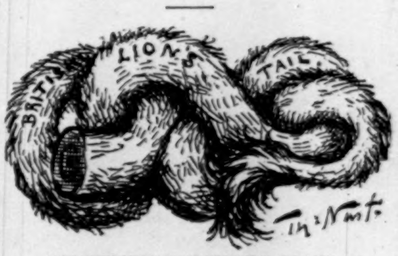
The confession of a St. Louis firm that it makes three hundred thousand pretzels a day would seem to justify the suspicion that somebody is succeeding in eating them. They certainly don't wear out when used as lunch-counter bric-à-brac fast enough to create such a demand.

Fashion note from the interior of Georgia: "The country is full of cheap pistols, and negroes and boys think they are not well dressed unless they are ornamented with a repeater."

The builders of the Kinzua Bridge, in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, are offering eight dollars a day for laborers on some parts of the work, and there is a scarcity of men even at that figure. Work is going on at the height of two hundred and eighteen feet, and before the bridge is finished men will have to work at a considerably greater altitude.

Georgia has produced a sunflower that is forty-two inches in circumference, and in diameter larger than a stove cover. Perhaps Oscar Wilde will say he is disappointed in our American sunflowers now.

The *Court Journal* mentions a new industry in which the London waiters are somewhat extensively engaged—the collection and sale of champagne corks that have been branded by well-known producers. Corks bearing good names sell for from sixpence to a shilling each. It is not suspected that they are all used in the manufacture of life-preservers.



"RICHELIEU" ROBINSON'S BRAIN.
The experts report "notable asymmetry."

A Texas lawyer, being held to account by the other members of the State bar for unprofessional conduct in collecting a bill from a client with the aid of a revolver instead of beginning legal proceedings, attempted to excuse himself by pleading that he needed the money. He was expelled from the association.

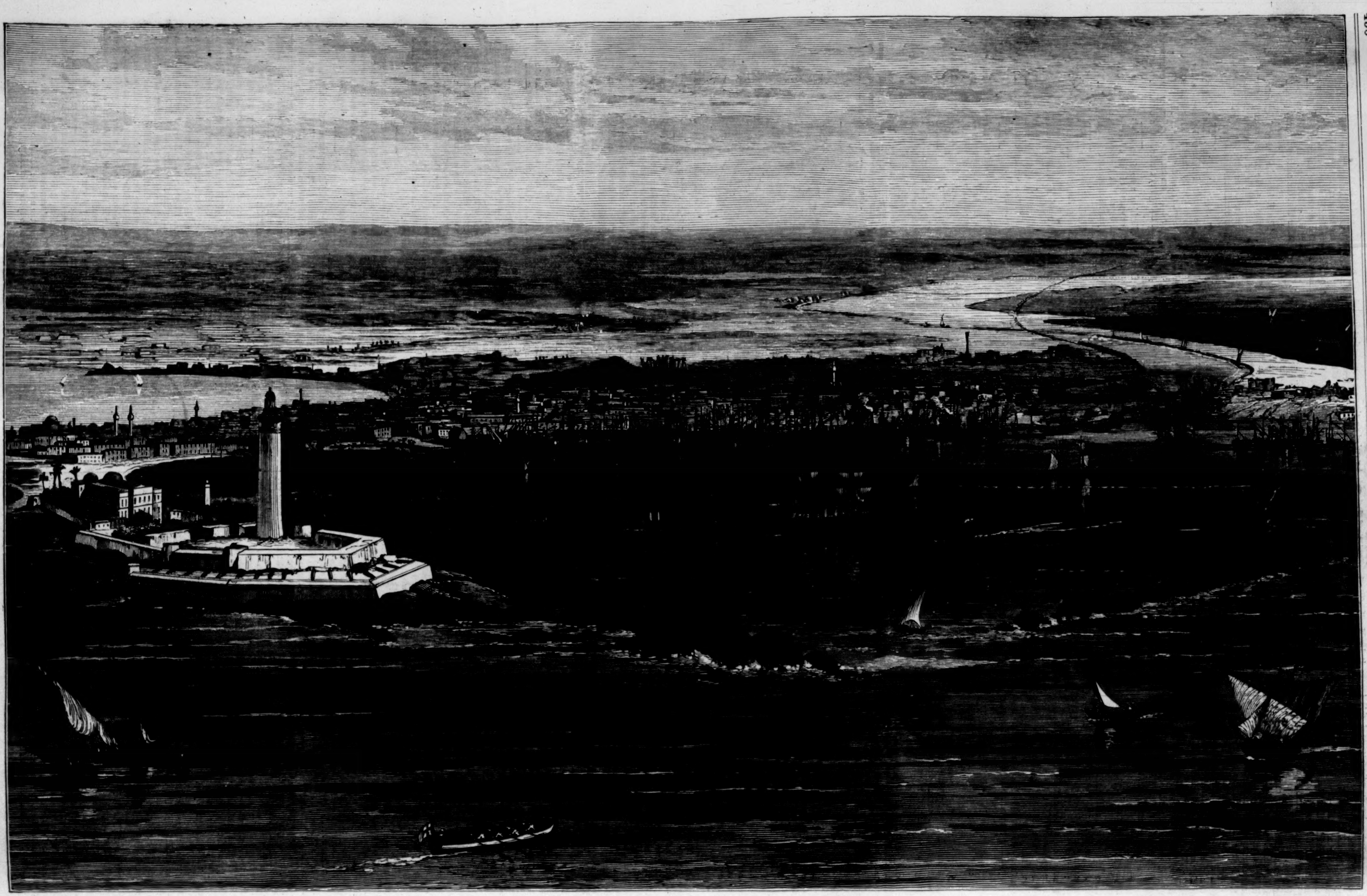
A fish story from Washington Territory has it that in some of the small streams tributary to the Columbia River the salmon run in such big schools that the less robust fish are crowded out of the water, and that the banks are strewed with dead fish thus forced out of their element.

Fifty thousand dollars is the figure at which the wealth of a newsboy in Denver, Colorado, is estimated, and it is believed that he is the richest newsboy in America. His property is largely in city real estate. In connection with his newspaper stand he has a boot-black's chair. He gets ten cents apiece for papers. He is something of an expert in guessing from what part of the country a stranger in Denver hails, and when he offers a visitor his favorite home paper he usually makes a sale.

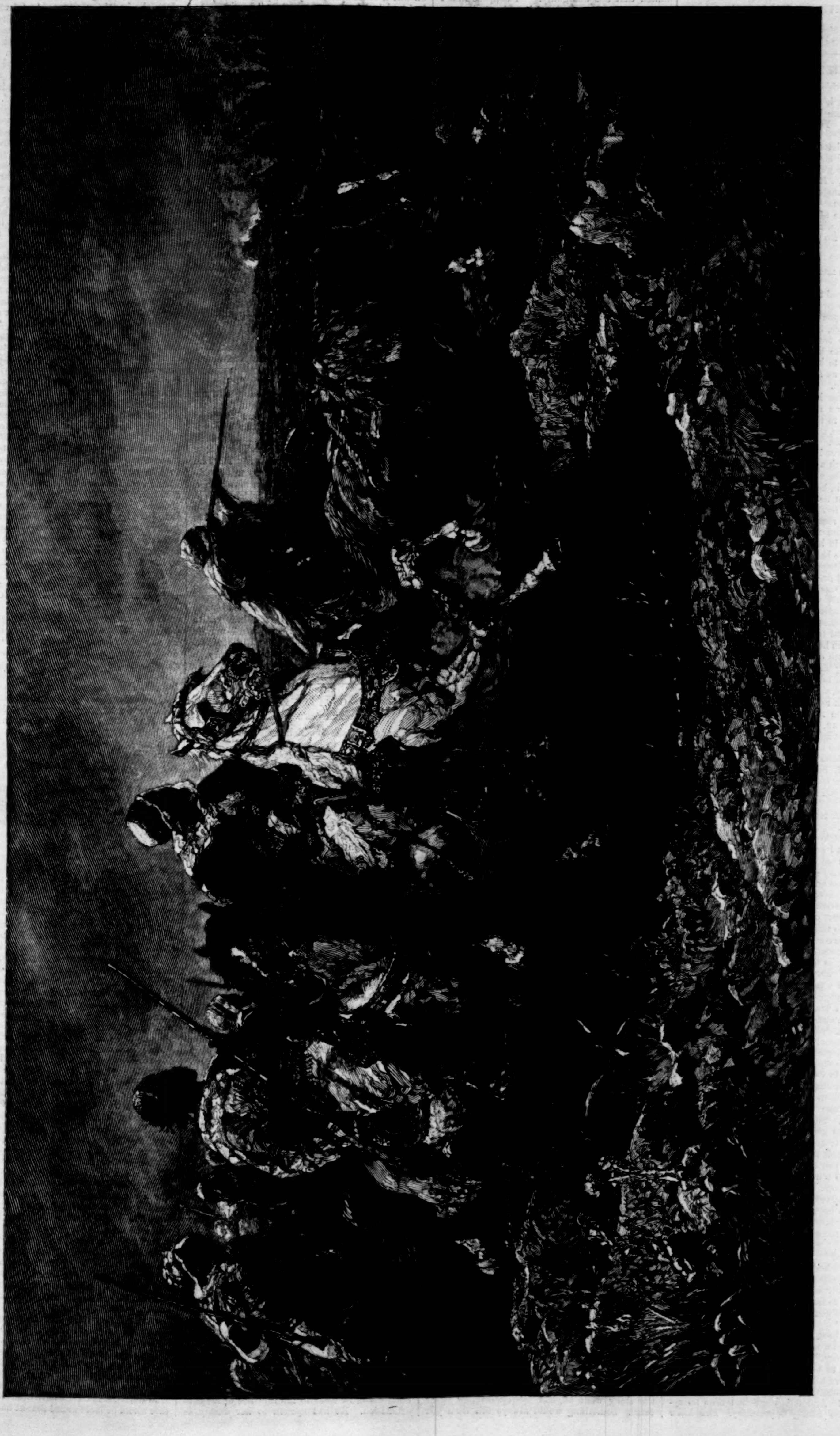
Nothing could be more unlike the majority of modern affairs of honor than a duel which recently came off in Wisconsin. Not only was one of the principals wounded, but an outsider was shot in the arm.

The United States consul at Auckland is authority for the statement that twenty years ago there were only two rabbits in New Zealand, which were owned by an English gentleman, and that their progeny now number eighty millions. Eight and one-half million rabbit-skins were exported from the island last year.

An eye-witness writes that the annual sun-dance of the Ponca Indians this year showed evidences of a decided leaning toward civilization, blankets being used instead of buffalo-skins, paints from a drug-store instead of dyes extracted from plants, ropes in the place of rawhide strips, and glass beads for wampum. It is perhaps not too much to hope that the influences of civilization may one day so prevail upon these children of the wilds that they will think it exceedingly vulgar to appear in anything but claw-hammer coats as substitutes for the buffalo hides of the old-time dances, will use "bloom of youth" where they now use red lead, will substitute gold chains for the ropes of the present day, and will think strings of pearls the only proper substitutes for their glass beads. As there has been no departure from the rigid observance of the rites, among which is lacerating the flesh, it is hardly to be expected that the Poncas' sun-dance will become more enjoyable than the average formal reception in the East at which there is dancing.



CITY AND HARBOR OF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.—[See Page 459.]



CHARGE OF ARAB CAVALRY.

From the Painting by Adolph Schreyer.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

MR. WESTERN HEARS THE STORY.

"It is a base letter," he said—"a foul, lying letter. But there is some plot in it of which I know nothing. You can perhaps explain the plot."

"Maybe the letter is true," she said, standing there not submissive before him, but still utterly miserable in her guilt.

"It is untrue. It can not possibly be true. It contains a damnable lie. He says that twelve months since you were engaged to him as his wife. Why does he lie like that?" She stood before him quite quiet, without the change of a muscle of her face. "Do you understand the meaning of it all?"

"Oh yes."

"What is the meaning? Speak to me and explain it."

"I was engaged to marry Sir Francis Geraldine just before I knew you. It was broken off, and then we went upon the Continent. There I met you. Oh, George, I have loved you so well! I do love you so truly!" As she spoke she endeavored to take his hand in hers. She made that one effort to be tender, in obedience to her conscience, but as she made it she knew that it would be in vain.

He rejected her hand, without violence indeed, but still with an assured purpose, and walked away from her to the further side of the chamber. "It is true, then?"

"Yes, it is true. Why should it not be true?"

"God in heaven! am I to hear about it for the first time in such a fashion as this! He comes to see you, and because something does not go as he would have it, he turns round and tells me his story. But that he has quarrelled with you now, I should never have heard a syllable." He had come up to her room determined not to believe a word of it. And now, suddenly, there was no fault of which in his mind he was not ready to accuse her. He had been deceived, and she was to him a thing altogether different from that which he had believed her.

But she, too, was stung to wrath by the insinuation which his words contained. She knew herself to be absolutely innocent in every respect, except that of reticence to her husband. Though she was prepared to bear the weight of the punishment to which her silence had condemned her, yet she was sure of the purity of her own conduct. Knowing his disposition, she did not care to make light of her great fault; but now something was added, she hardly knew what, of which she knew herself to be innocent. Something was hinted as to the friendship remaining between her and this man, of which her husband, in his pride, should not have accused her. What! Did he think that she had willingly received her late lover as her friend in his house, and without his knowledge? If he thought that, then, indeed, must all be over between them. "I do not know what it is that you suspect. You had better say it out at once."

"Is this letter true?" And he held the letter up in his hand.

"I suppose it to be true. I do not know what it contains, but I presume it to be true."

"You can read it;" and he threw the letter on the table before her.

She took it up and slowly passed her eyes over the words, endeavoring as she did so to come to some determination as to what her conduct should be. The purport of the words she did not fully comprehend, so fully was her mind occupied with thinking of the condition of her husband's mind; but they left upon her an impression that in the main Sir Francis Geraldine had told his story truly. "Yes," she said, "it is true. Before I had met you I was engaged to marry this other man. Our engagement was broken off, and then mamma and I travelled abroad together. We there met you, and—you know the rest."

"And you thought it proper that I should be kept in the dark!" She remained silent. She could not apologize to him after hearing the accusation which rankled in her bosom. She could not go about to explain that the moment fittest for an explanation had never come. She could not endeavor even to make him understand that because her story was so like his own, hers had not been told. She knew the comparative insignificance of her own fault, and yet circumstances had brought it about that she must stand oppressed with this weight of guilt in his eyes. As he should be just or unjust, or rather merciful or unmerciful, so must she endure or be unable to endure her doom. "I do not understand it," he said, with affected calm. "It is the case, then, that you have brought me into this position with premeditated falsehood, and have willfully deceived me as to your previous engagement?"

"No!"

"How then?"

"There has been no willful deceit; no cause for deceit whatsoever. You were engaged to marry the lady who is now Mrs. Geraldine. I was engaged to marry Sir Francis."

"But I told you all."

"You did."

"It would have been impossible that I should have asked you to be mine without telling you the whole story." She could not answer him. She knew it to be true—that he had told her, and must have told her. But for herself it had been so improbable that he had not known of her engagement! And then there had been no opportunity—no fitting opportunity. She knew that she had been wrong, foolish, ill-judging; but there had been nothing of that premeditated secrecy, that secrecy with a cause, of which he had hinted that she was guilty. "I suppose that I may take it as proved that I have been altogether mistaken?" This he said in the severest tone which he knew how to assume.

"How mistaken?"

"I have believed you to be sweet, and pure, and innocent, and true—one in whom my spirit might refresh itself as a man bathes his heated limbs in the cool water. You were to have been to me the joy of my life, my great treasure kept at home, open to no eyes but my own—a thing perfect in beauty, to think of when absent, and to be conscious of when present, without even the need of expression. 'Let the wind come and the storm,' I said to myself, 'I can not be unhappy, because my wife is my own.' There is an external grace about you which was to my thinking only the culture of the woman within."

"Well?—well?"

"It was a dream. I had better have married that little girl. She was silly, and soon loved some one better. But she did not deceive me."

"And I—have I deceived you?"

He paused before he answered her, and then spoke as though with much thought. "Yes," he said—"yes."

"Where? How?"

"I do not know. I can not pretend even to guess. I shall probably never know. I shall not strive to know. But I do know that you have deceived me. There has been—nay, there is—a secret between you and one whom I regard as among the basest of men, of which I have been kept purposely in ignorance."

"There is no such secret."

"You were engaged to be his wife. That at any rate has been kept from me. He has been here as your friend, and when he came—into my house—the purport of his visit was kept from me. He asked for something, which was refused, and consequently he has written to me. For what did he ask?"

"Ask! For nothing. What was there for him to ask?"

"I do not know. I can not even pretend to guess. As I read his letter, there must have been something. But it does not matter. While you have seemed to me to be one thing, you have been another. You have been acting a part from the first moment in which we met, and have kept it up all through with admirable consistency. You are not that sweetly innocent creature which I have believed you to be."

She knew that she was all that he had fancied her, but she could not say so. She had understood him thoroughly when he had told her that she had been to him the cool water in which the heated man had bathed his limbs; that she was the treasure to be kept at home. Even in her misery something of delight had come to her senses as she heard him say that. The position described to her had been exactly that which it had been her ambition to fill. She knew that in spite of all that had come and gone she was still fit to fill it. There had been nothing—not a thought—to mar her innocence, her purity, her woman's tenderness. She was all his, and he was certain to know every thought of her mind and every throb of her heart. She did believe that if he could read them all, he would be perfectly satisfied. But she could not tell him that it was so. Words so spoken will be the sweetest that can fall into a man's ear—if they be believed. But let there come but the shadow of a doubt over the man's mind, let him question the sincerity of a tone, and the words will become untrue, mawkish, and distasteful. A thing perfect in beauty! How was she to say that she would be that to him? And yet, understanding her error as she had done with a full intelligence, she could have sworn that it should be so. The beauty he had spoken of was not simply the sheen of her loveliness, nor the grace of her form. It was the entirety of her feminine attraction, including the purity of her soul, which was in truth still there in all its perfection. But she could not tell him that he was mistaken in doubting her. Now he had told her that she was not that innocent creature which he had believed her to be. What was she to do? How was she to restore herself to his favor? But through it all there was present to her an idea that she would not humble herself too far. To the extent of the sin which she had committed she would humble herself, if she knew how to do that without going beyond it. But further than that, in justice both to him and to herself, she would not go. "If you have condemned me," she said, "there must be an end of it—for the present."

"Condemned you! Do you not condemn yourself? Have you attempted any word of excuse? Have you given any reason why I should have been kept in the dark? Your friend Miss Altifiorla knew it all, I presume?"

"Yes, she knew it all."

"And you would not have had her here if you could have avoided it lest she should tell me?"

"That is true. I wished to be the first to tell you myself."

"And yet you had never whispered a word of it. Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis, it seems, are friends." Cecilia only shook her head. "I heard yesterday at the station that they had gone to London together. I presume they are friends."

Quickly the idea passed through Mrs. Western's mind that Miss Altifiorla had been untrue to her. She had kept her word to the letter in not having told the secret to her husband, but she had discussed the whole matter with Sir Francis, and the letter which Sir Francis had written was the result. "I do not know," she said. "If they be more to each other than chance acquaintance, I do not know it. From week to week and from day to day before our marriage the thing went on, and the opportunity never came. Something would always fall from you which made me afraid to speak at that moment. Then we were married, and I found how wrong I had been. I still resolved to tell you, but put it off like a coward from day to day. Your sister had heard of my first engagement."

"Did Bertha know it?"

"Yes; and like myself she was surprised that you should be so ignorant."

"She might well be surprised."

"Then I resolved to tell you. I would not do it till that other woman had left the house. I would not have her by to see your anger."

"And now this is the way in which the history of your former life has reached my ears!" As he said this he held out in his hand the fatal letter. "This is the manner in which you have left me to be informed of a subject so interesting. I first hear from Sir Francis Geraldine that he and you a twelvemonth since were engaged together as man and wife." Here she stood quite silent. She did not care to tell him that it was more than twelve months since. "That you think to be becoming."

"I do not think so."

"That you feel to be compatible with my happiness." Here again there was a pause, during which she looked full into his face. "Such is not my idea. My happiness is wrecked. It is gone." Here he made a motion with his hand, as though to show that all his bliss had flown away from him.

"Oh, George, if you love me, do not speak like that."

"Love you! Yes, I love you. I do not suppose that love can be made to go at once, as I find that esteem may do, and respect, and veneration."

"Oh, George, those are hard words."

"Is it not so? This morning you were to me of all God's creatures the brightest and the best. When I entered your room just now it was so that I regarded you. Can you now be the brightest and the best? Has not all that romance been changed at a moment's notice? But, alas! love does not go after the same fashion." Then he turned shortly round and left the room.

She remained confounded and awe-stricken. There had been that about him which seemed to declare a settled purpose, as though he had intended to leave her forever. She sat perfectly still, thinking of it, thinking of the injustice of the sentence that had been pronounced upon her. Though she had deserved much, she had not deserved this. Though she had expected punishment, she had not expected punishment so severe. In about twenty minutes her maid came up to her, and with a grave face asked whether she would wish that breakfast should be sent to her in her own room. Mr. Western had sent to ask the question. "Yes," said she—"if he pleases." There could be no good in attempting to conceal from the servants a misery so deep and so lasting as this.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. WESTERN'S DECISION.

What should she do with herself? Her breakfast was brought to her. At noon she was told that Mr. Western had gone out for the day, and would not return till the evening. She was asked whether she would have her pony-carriage, and on refusing it, was persuaded by her maid to walk in the grounds. "I think I will go out," she said, and went and walked for an hour. Her maid had been peculiarly her own, and had come to her from Exeter; but she would not talk to her maid about her quarrel with her husband, though she was sure that the girl knew of the quarrel. Those messages had certainly come direct from her husband, and could not, she thought, have been sent without some explanation of the facts. She could see on the faces of all the household that every one knew that there was a quarrel. Twenty times during the day would she have had her husband's name on her tongue had there been no quarrel. It had been with her as though she had had a pride in declaring herself to be his wife. But now she was silent respecting him altogether. She would not bring herself to ask the gardener whether Mr. Western wished this thing or the other. The answer had always been that the master wished the paths and the shrubs and the flowers to be just as she wished them. But now not a word was spoken. For an hour she walked among the paths, and then returned to her own room. Would she have her dinner in the dining-room? If so, the master would have his in the library. Then she could restrain herself no longer, but burst into tears. No; she would have no dinner. Let them bring her a cup of tea in her own room.

There she sat thinking of her condition, wondering from hour to hour what was to be the end of it. From hour to hour she sat, and can hardly be said to have thought. She lost herself in pondering first over her own folly, and then upon his gross injustice. She could not but marvel at her own folly. She had in truth known from the first moment in which she had resolved to accept his offer that it was her duty to tell him the story of her adventure with Sir Francis Geraldine. It should have been told, indeed, before she had accepted his offer, and she could not now forgive herself in that she had been silent. "You must know my story," she should have said, "before there can be a word more spoken between us." And then, with a clear brow, and without a tremor in her voice, she could have told it. But she had allowed herself to be silent simply because he had told the same story, and then the moment had never come. She could not forgive herself. She could never entirely forgive herself, even though the day should come in which he might pardon her.

But would he ever pardon her? Then her mind would fly away to the injustice of his condemnation. He had spoken to her darkly, as though he had intended to accuse her of some secret understanding with Sir Francis. He had believed her to be guilty of some underhand plot against his happiness carried on with the man to whom she had been engaged! Of what was it that he had imagined her to be guilty? What was the plot of which in his heart he accused her? Then her imagination looked out, and seemed to tell her that there could be but one. Her husband suspected her of having married him while her heart was still the property of that other man! And as she thought of this, indignation for the time almost choked her grief. Could it be possible that he to whom she had given everything with such utter unreserve, whom she had made the god of her idolatry, to whom she had been exactly that which he had known so well how to describe—could it be that he should have had every thought concerning her changed in a moment, and that from believing her to be all pure and all innocent, he should have come to regard her as a thing so vile as that? She almost tore her hair in her agony as she said that it must be so. He had told her that his respect, his esteem, and his veneration had all passed away. She could never consent to live with him, trusting solely to his love without esteem.

But as the evening passed away and the night came, and as the duration of the long hours of the day seemed to grow upon her, and as no tidings came to her from her lord, she began to tell herself that it was unbecoming that she should remain without knowing her fate. The whole length of the tedious day had passed since he had left her and had condemned her to breakfast in solitude. Then she accused herself of having been hard with him during that interview, of having failed to submit herself in repentance, and she told herself that if she could see him once more, she might still whisper to him the truth and soften his wrath. But something she must do. She had dismissed her maid for the last time, and sat miserably in her room till midnight. But still she could not go to bed till she had made some effort. She would at any rate write to him one word. She got up, therefore, and seated herself at the table with pen and ink before her. She would write the whole story, she thought, simply the whole story, and would send it to him, leaving it to him to believe or to disbelieve it as he pleased. But as she bent over the table she felt that she could not write such a letter as that without devoting an entire day to it. Then she rapidly scrawled a few words:

"Dearest George,—Come to me and let me tell you everything. Your own Cecilia."

Then she addressed it to him, and put it under her pillow that she might send it to him as soon as she should wake in the morning. Having done so, she got into her bed and wept herself asleep.

When the girl came into her room in the morning she at once asked after her husband. "Is Mr. Western up yet?" The maid informed her, with an air of grave distress, that Mr. Western had risen early and had been driven away from the house to catch a morning train. More than that the girl could not say. But she believed that a letter had been left on the library table. She had heard John say that there was such a letter. But John had gone with his master to the station. Then she sent down for the letter, and within a few minutes held it in her hand.

We will now go back to Mr. Western. He, as soon as he had left his wife's room in the morning, went down-stairs, and began to consider within himself what was the cause of this evil thing which had been done to him. A very evil thing had been done. He did feel that the absolute happiness which had been his for the last few days had perished and gone from him. He was a man undemonstrative and silent in expressing his own feelings, but one who revelled inwardly in his own feelings of contentment when he was content. His wife had been to him all that he had dreamed that a woman should be. She had filled up his cup with infinite bliss, though he had never told, even to her, how full his cup had been. But in everything he had striven to gratify her, and had been altogether successful. To go on from day to day with his books, with his garden, with his exercise, and above all with his wife, had been enough to secure absolute happiness. He had suspected no misfortune, and had anticipated no drawback. Then on a sudden there had come this damnable letter, which had made him wretched for the time, even though he was sure that it was not true. But he had known that it was only for the time, for he had been sure that it was untrue. Then the blow had fallen, and all his contentment was banished. There was some terrible mystery—some mystery of which he could not gauge the depth. Though he was gracious and confiding and honest when left at peace, still he was painfully suspicious when something arose of which the circumstances were kept back from him. There was a secret here—there was certainly a secret; and it was shared between his wife, whom of all human beings he had loved the best, and the man whom he most thoroughly despised. As long as it was possible that the whole tale might be an invention he would not believe a word against his wife; but when it appeared that there was certainly some truth in it, then it seemed that there was nothing too monstrous for him to believe.

After his solitary breakfast he walked abroad, and turned it all in his mind. He had given her the opportunity of telling him everything, and she had told him nothing. So he declared to himself. That one damning fact was there, clear as daylight, that she had willingly bestowed herself upon this baronet, this creature who to his thinking was vile as a man could be. As to that there was no doubt. That was declared. How different must she have been from that creature whom he had fancied that he had loved, when she would have willingly consented to be the wife of such a man! And this had been done within a year—as he said. And then she had married him, telling him nothing of it, though she must have known that he would discover it as soon as she was his wife. It suited her to be his wife—for some reason which he could not perceive. She had achieved her object: but not on that account need he live with her. It had been an affair of money, and his money she might have.

He came back and got his horse, as the motion of walking was not fast enough for him in his passion. It was grievous to be borne—the fact that he had been so mistaken in choosing for himself a special woman as a companion of his life. He had desired her to be all honor, all truth, all simplicity, and all innocence. And instead of these things he had encountered fraud and premeditated deceit. She was his wife indeed: but not on that account need he live with her.

And then his curiosity was raised. What was the secret between them? There must have been some question of money, as to which at the last moment they had disagreed. To his thinking, it was vile that a young woman should soil her mind with such thoughts, and marry or reject a man at the last moment because of his money. All that should be arranged for her by her friends, so that she might go to her husband without having been mixed in any question of a sordid matter. But these two had probably found at the last moment that their income was insufficient for their wants, and therefore his purse had been thought convenient. As all these things, with a thousand others, passed through his mind, he came to the determination that at any rate they must part.

He came home, and before he ate his dinner he wrote to her that letter, of which the contents shall now be given. It was a most unreasonable letter. But to him in his sorrow, in his passion, it seemed that every word was based upon reason.

"Dear Cecilia" (the letter ran),—"I need hardly tell you that I was surprised by the facts which you at last told me this morning. I should have been less pained, perhaps, had they come to me in the first instance from yourself instead of from Sir Francis Geraldine. But I do not know that the conclusion to which I have been forced would have been in any way altered had such been the case. I can hardly, I fear, make you understand the shock with which I have received the intelligence that a month or two before I proposed to you, you had been the promised wife of that man. I need hardly tell you that had I known that it was so I should not have offered you my hand. To say the least of it, I was led into my marriage by a mistake. But a marriage commenced with such a mistake as that can not be happy.

"As to your object I can not surmise. But I suppose that you were satisfied, thinking me to be of a nature especially soft and gentle. But I fear I am not so. After what has passed, I can not bring myself to live with you again. Pray believe it. We have now parted forever.

"As to your future welfare, and as to the honor which will be due to my name, which you must continue to bear, I am quite willing to make any arrangements which friends of yours shall think to be due to you. Half my income you shall have, and you shall live here in this house if it be thought well for you. In reference to these things your lawyers had better see my lawyers. In the mean time my bankers will cash your checks. But believe me that I am gone, not to return. Your affectionate husband,

"George Western."

These words he wrote, struggling to be cool and rational while he wrote them, and then he departed, leaving the letter upon the table.

[to be continued.]

BLUNDERS IN PRINT.

This is a most comprehensive title, and might include every species of mistake which could possibly find its way into type.

In the present case we may group under it a few examples of the more common errors in print, not only of those directly attributable to the printer, but also of the mistakes resulting from a loose style of composition, as well as those which may occasionally creep into the "copy" even of the careful in the hurry of writing for the press. Both writer and printer, no doubt, repudiate them, but the disinterested will probably decide that each is responsible for a share.

In a speech on temperance, not very long ago, Sir Wilfrid Lawson was reported to have alluded to the "spirit of reticence that exalteth a nation," but, of course, the teetotal baronet had used the word "righteousness" where "reticence" did duty. This mistake was doubtless due to the similarity of the consonantal outline for the two words in the system of short-hand most generally employed. In the course of a discourse on the Holy Land recently, a lecturer said that, although improvements in this respect had come into operation in all other parts of the world, the Eastern traveller still retains his sandals, and next morning was horrified to find himself asserting in a local print that the Eastern traveller still "retails his scandals."

An orator, in describing the enthusiasm with which a speech of his had been received, made use of the expression, "At that moment the shouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air." But the picture was presented in a somewhat modified form to the readers of the journal which printed it: "At that moment the snouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air."

It might possibly be difficult to decide whether the writer or printer was in error when a leading London daily made Lord Derby quote the poet thus:

"That climax of all earthly ills,
The inflammation of our weekly bills."

An absurd blunder appeared in the Parliamentary report of the *Daily Telgeraph* on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions on the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield's government. There a right honorable gentleman was represented as accounting for the action of another member of the House by the statement that he had "sat at the feet of the Gamebird of Birmingham," an allusion to his perception which was not so intelligible as the rendering of other journals, "the Gamaliel of Birmingham."

Perhaps Irish reporters, owing to the recognized tendency of the soil and climate, are privileged in matters of this kind. One of them, in describing the result of a recent conflict between the police and the people in which fire-arms were used, writes: "In the union infirmary lies John Smith with his shattered leg, which was amputated on Tuesday last." Ordinary mortals might have imagined that the surgeon would have caused the shattered member to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the crippled patient. That Ireland has a strict monopoly of this class of composition can hardly be sustained if this be correctly credited to a Glasgow paper's account of a shipping disaster: "The captain swam ashore, as did also the stewardess. She was insured for three thousand pounds, and carried two hundred tons of pig-iron."

Nowhere are more ludicrous blunders to be met with than in the compositions of advertisers, due, no doubt, in some measure, to the restraint imposed by limited space, and it is scarcely possible to look through the columns devoted to these in any of the principal daily papers without meeting numerous instances of the inability of many persons to state exactly what they want, and of very loose use of words and phrases, frequently giving rise to amusing ambiguity. Thus some one advertising in the London *Times* announced that "two sisters want washing," while some one else in the interest of an enfant terrible required "a handsome Shetland pony suitable for a child with a long mane and tail." Everybody has heard of the lady whose idea of her own physique is ingeniously conveyed in the intimation that she has for disposal "a splendid lady's gold watch." It is not alone "splendid ladies" who part with their watches in this way, for every day the public are informed, through the same medium, that there is for sale an "excellent lady's gold watch," "a beautiful lady's watch," or "a small gold-faced lady's watch." Women of peculiar personal appearance, too, occasionally engage in barter of this class, for recently a purchaser was wanted for a "black highly ornamented lady's fan."

When the vender is of the other sex we have for sale "a massive gentleman's gold chain," "a most reliable gentleman's gold watch," or "a rich gentleman's gold chain." No doubt some of those who adopt this style of expression are ready to enter into a defense of it by an argument respecting adjectives and their relation to nouns. But what excuse will be advanced by the author of the following, which appeared a few months ago in the London *Times*, showing on the part of the advertiser some extraordinary ideas respecting horseflesh. "For sale, a four-wheeled covered business horse and car." "Wanted, a piano by a lady with modern legs," has before now met the public eye. Can that lady have emigrated? There is a strong suspicion that it is her hand which is seen in the charming composition: "A piano for sale by a lady who is about to proceed on a long voyage in a walnut case," etc.

What is the nationality of the author of this announcement, which was published in a Manchester newspaper? "A foreign gentleman could be received into the house of a gentleman who is desirous to learn English conversationally, and would have all home comforts." Here is another: "A vacancy occurs for a little girl in the family of a motherly lady requiring kind but firm treatment." An advertiser in the London *Standard* evidently thinks a beast of burden may entertain an objection to carry a person of indifferent moral character when he writes: "Wanted, a quiet pony for an invalid young gentleman that has no vicious habits." A nice child was described a short time ago in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Wanted, a nurse for an infant between twenty-five and thirty, a member of the Church of England and without followers." An auctioneer, advertising in a Belfast paper, shows the possession of some curious notions of ornithology, when, in describing a property for sale, he states: "The mountain is well stocked with hares, rabbits, and other wild fowl."

That "other" strongly reminds one of the daily newspapers' "tall but respectably dressed man" of the police courts. Such practices as painting and putting the hair in papers are not entirely unknown in this country, but they have scarcely as yet become recognized family duties, except in the household of an advertiser in a London daily, who some time ago required "a house suitable for a small family that has been recently papered and painted, and is in good order." There are some strange sheep to be met with in the British colonies if a New Zealand settler meant what he wrote when he announced that he wanted "an industrious man to take charge of three thousand sheep who can speak Spanish." Were it not that a young lady of linguistic attainments would be unlikely to hide her light under a bushel, one might be disposed to conjecture that the docile animals had been pupils of a colonial governess who lately announced that she "can do all kinds of sewing and embroidery except music." Different commodities, we know, are often inclosed in one case, but it is seldom we see so incongruous a mixture as that contemplated by the person who "wanted an ice chest to hold two hundred pounds of ice and a new harness." A chemist advertises in his window, "artificial eyes," immediately beneath which, on the same placard, are the words, "Open all night."

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

I have a little Comforter,
That climbs upon my knee,
And makes the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
She never is the one to say,
"If you had only been
More careful and more sensible,
This thing had been foreseen."
She blesses me,
Caresses me,
And whispers, "Never mind:
To-morrow night
All will be right,
My papa, good and kind."

To give me wise and good advice
I have of friends a score;
But then the trouble ever is,
I knew it all before.
And when one's heart is full of care,
One's plans all in a mess,
The wisest reasoning, I think,
Can't make the trouble less.
My Mamie's way
Is just to say,
"Oh, papa, don't be sad:
To-morrow night
All will be right,
And then we shall be glad."

Some think I have been much to blame;
Some say, "I told you so";
And others sigh, "What can't be helped
Must be endured, you know."
Of course, if trouble can be helped,
Then crying is in vain;
But when a wrong will not come right,
Why should I not complain?
In Mamie's eyes
I'm always wise;
She never thinks me wrong;
It's understood
I'm always good—
Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face,
All day been on the strain;
Now I may rest, or I may sigh,
Or, if I like, complain.
My daughter thinks as papa thinks,
And in her loving sight
I am a clever, prudent man,
Who has done all things right.
Faith so complete,
Oh, it is sweet,
When neither wise nor strong;
But Love stands best
The better test
Of Sorrow and of Wrong.

Then come, my little Comforter,
And climb upon my knee;
You make the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
For you've the wisdom far beyond
The reach of any sage,
The loving, tender, hopeful trust
That best can strengthen age.
Say, "Papa dear,
Now don't you fear:
Before to-morrow night
The cares you dread
Will all have fled,
And everything be right."

CHILI.

Almagro, the companion, rival, and enemy of the Pizarros, first penetrated, in 1535, into Chili. He found the natives a fiercer, bolder race than the soft people of the Incas, and came back to perish in the civil wars of Peru. Valdivia, the founder of the Chilian state, after a long and fierce resistance from the native tribes, was able only to plant a few fortified cities or colonies in their midst. Of all these tribes, the most famous are the Araucanians. They only of all the aborigines of America have produced heroes who have been sung by European poets in epic strains, and whose names have an important place in history. They only of all the American races have never lost their independence. Canpolisans, the theme of Ercilla and Calderon, nearly banished the Europeans from his native wilds, Lantaro, a young hero of eighteen, inflicted fierce retribution on his masters, and perished in battle. The famous race still lingers among the mountains of Southern Chili, worships a single and triple deity, and is fading slowly before the vices rather than the arms of civilization.

Concepcion, a city founded to hold in check the haughty Araucanians, was often captured, and left desolate and streaming with blood. For nearly a hundred years the Spaniards vainly strove to conquer Chili. They succeeded at last in part by the valor of the poet-warrior Ercilla, whose farm is still shown flourishing with wheat and grain on the debatable ground, and whose poem, "The Araucanians," holds a high place in Spanish letters. In 1641, after a war of ninety years, peace was made at last. Chili now embraced a narrow strip of territory between the Andes and the sea, the Chiloe Islands, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego, and a single Chilian colony is planted in the famous strait to assert its dominion. Yet the land of Chili is singularly fertile. The ravages of its earthquakes are forgotten by its people. It produces great crops of the finest wheat; its wines are strong and excellent. It has coal mines at Lebu and Lota, reaching deep beneath the ocean. Its railroads are growing in number; its copper and other mines are rich and prosperous, and on the desert of Atacama, that separates it from Bolivia, its hardy people have worked with success those nitrate deposits that have led to the recent war.

Chili under the Spanish rule lay almost uncultivated, and in the close of the last century its people numbered scarcely eighty thousand. It was among the first of the Spanish colonies to rebel against a foreign yoke. It drove back the armies from Peru. Its famous leaders, O'Higgins, Camera, San Martin, the naval officer Blanco, and the daring Cochrane gave it freedom. It grew in strength. Its population in 1835 was more than a million. An unhappy war begun with Peru ended in the capture of Lima by the fierce Chilians (1839), and the desperate battle of Tungai (March 20) closed with the disastrous defeat of Bolivia and Peru, and Chili gave a President to the Peruvians. Its later history has been singularly prosperous. Its population has increased to over two millions. Its capital, Santiago, is a fine city of more than one hundred and sixty thousand people. Its port, Valparaiso, is a centre of trade. Chili has excellent schools, a liberal government, a reactionary or clerical party that has no love for schools or colleges, a progressive party that has made the country what it is. The rich soil invites immigration, and some of the fairest wheat lands of the world are to be found on the southern slopes of the Chilian Andes.

The desert of Atacama bounds Chili on the north. It is treeless, rainless. The water used is distilled in large tanks. Its climate is hot and suffocating. But the desert and the interior mountains abound in deposits of nitrates and silver; the industrious Chilians worked the mines. An unhappy dispute has ripened into war, and once more, as in 1839, the fierce people of Chili have invaded the feeble North, captured Lima, and hold in their hands the fate of Bolivia and Peru. It would have been happy for the cause of freedom had the angry nations settled their dispute by arbitration. But the fratricidal war broke out in 1879, the Chilian squadron captured the famous Peruvian ram *Huascar*, after a long contest between two iron-clads—the first encounter of these fearful offspring of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The Chilian iron-clad, the *Cochrane*, received little damage. The *Huascar* was torn to pieces by her shot. Her turret and her brave commander, Graw, were blown into the air together. The horrible victory gave Chili the command of the seas. Her fleets and army moved up the shore. They seized the disputed desert; they defeated the superior forces of Bolivia and Peru; they have reduced the rival republics to a condition of degradation and distress, from which they should labor to raise them with the magnanimity of freemen.

Such are the fearful lessons of war. Yet we may trust that all the victories of peace may still await the Chilians. Their country is fertile; the climate of the South cool and inviting. A vast region lies open to immigration; the spirit of the people is bold and free. With the return of peace and a generous policy, Chili may easily double or treble its population, and form a new centre of human progress.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

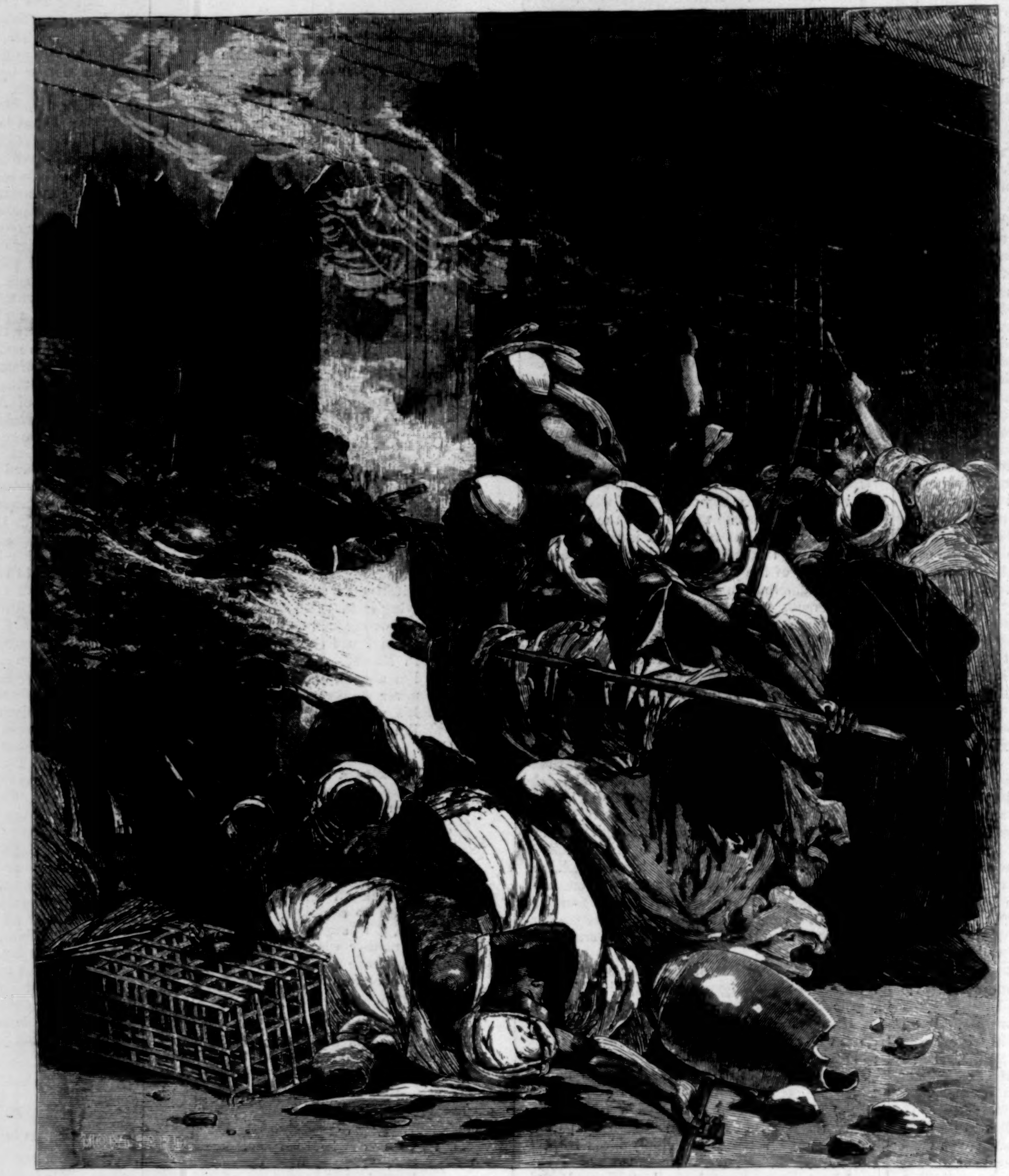
The Egyptian question has entered on a new phase. Alexandria has been bombarded, and while we are writing, the news is flashed here that the greater part of the picturesque mongrel city is in flames. Modern Alexandria extends over the island of Pharos and the isthmus which now connects that first of light-houses with the mainland. The view of the city from the sea is not imposing, the land is low, and the first object descried on entering is the lonely Corinthian column which we call Pompey's Pillar. The most prominent buildings in the harbor are, or rather were, the Palace and Harem of the Khedive at Ras-el-Tin, "the peninsula of figs," which stand among terraced gardens and clumps of lofty palms, and command an enchanting view of the blue waters of the Mediterranean and of the city across the harbor. Within the last few weeks the circle of the shore had been studded with earth-works thrown up by the orders of Arabi Pasha, the leader of the revolt, or of the national party. These works were of considerable size and strength, and were mounted with guns of large calibre and long range. Remonstances against the erection of forts evidently intended to command vessels lying in the harbor were sent to the Pasha by the English admiral, whose fleet was anchored in the harbor.

Promises to cease working on the forts were made, and it need scarcely be added were immediately broken. A demand was then made for the complete evacuation and surrender of the forts. This ultimatum was sent in on Monday, and on Tuesday, July 11, the British fleet took up its position and opened fire. The time between the delivery of Admiral Seymour's note and sunset on Monday was occupied by a general movement of all ships in the harbor. The crowd of merchant steam-ships—French, English, Austrian, and Italian—got up steam, and made their way to the outer harbor, while the squadrons of men-of-war belonging to the leading nations of Europe slowly withdrew in a stately procession, saluting as they passed the flag of Admiral Seymour. Our own little squadron, the *Lancaster* and *Quinnebaug*, also retired, and as it passed the British flag-ship, their band played "Hail, Columbia"; ours, "God save the Queen." The night must have been one of terror and affright in the city, especially to those Christians who remained behind in the midst of a fanatical and excited crowd, whose taste for blood had been sharpened by the massacres of some weeks ago. On Tuesday morning the sun rose brightly, and lit up the white walls of the palaces and the tapering minarets. At seven o'clock a heavy boom came over the water; the first gun had been fired.

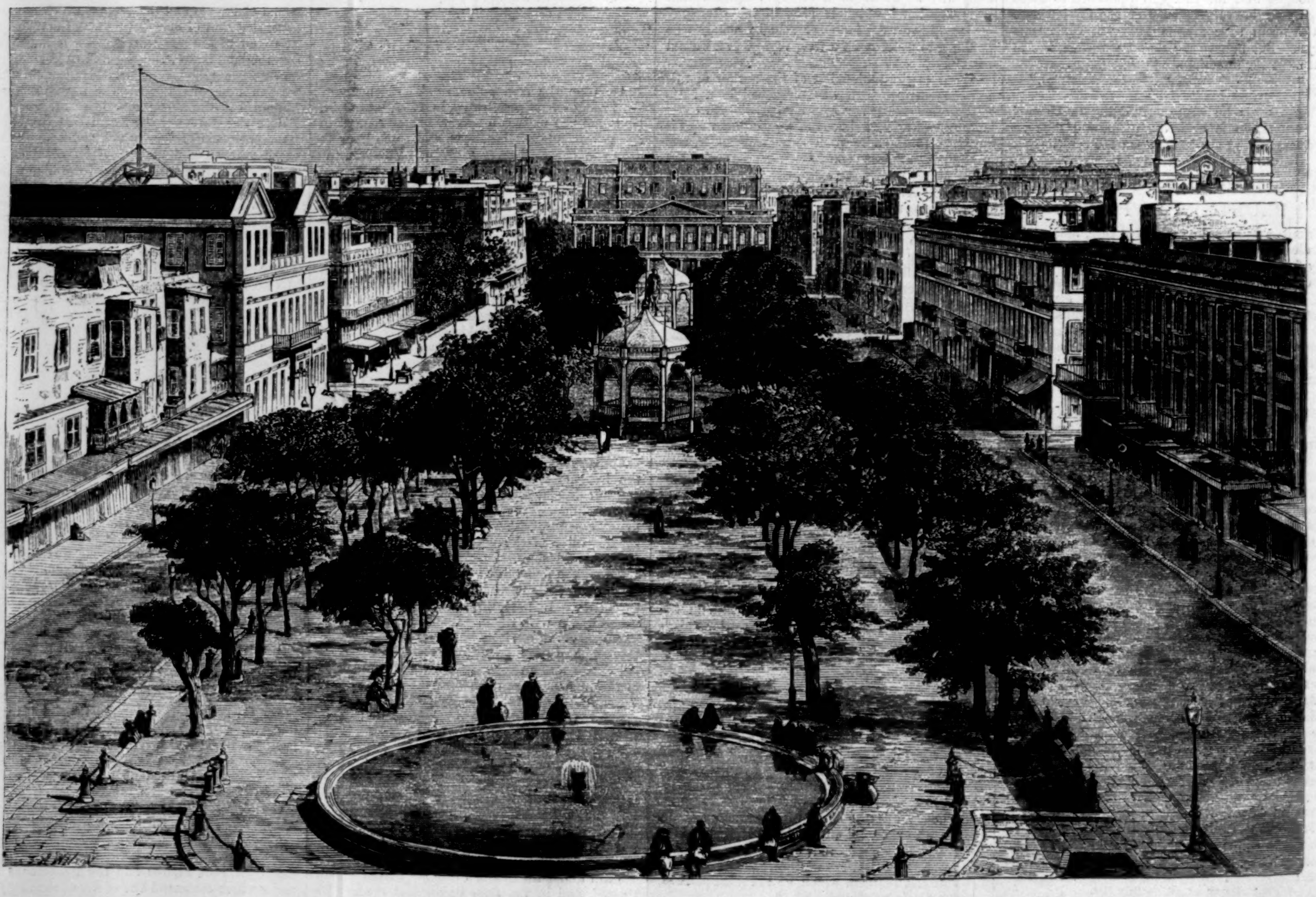
The action then became general. The iron-clads *Superb*, *Sultan*, and *Alexandra* attacked and destroyed Fort Pharos and the light-house batteries which command one of the channels to the inner harbor. The *Invincible*, with the flag of Admiral **Seymour** flying, the *Monarch*, and the *Penelope* engaged Fort Meks, while the gunboats *Bittern*, *Condor*, *Beacon*, *Decoy*, and *Cygnet* attacked the Marabout batteries at the entrance to the harbor. Fort Meks was the strongest and most formidable of the works which the Egyptians had constructed, and it was gallantly defended. Four heavy rifled guns especially were served most skillfully, and gave the British great annoyance with their well-directed conical shot, whose peculiar shriek could be distinguished over all the roar of the fight. With the fire of four iron-clads concentrated upon them, with the forts crumbling in ruins all around them, the Egyptian gunners—negroes from the Soudan—kept up their fire till they were absolutely blown from the guns by showers of shell and shrapnel. When the fort was silenced, a small party of sailors was landed, who rendered the guns unserviceable by bursting them with gun-cotton. At half past ten the Khedive's Palace took fire. This extensive structure, placed on the site where once stood the Bruchion or Light-house Palace of the **Ptolemies**, was regarded by the Arab populace as impregnable and sacred from assault. It had been surrounded by numerous forts, and of course suffered from the fire directed at them.

The accounts we have received of the action are as yet desultory. The day was so still that a dense and impenetrable wall of smoke hid the city from the ships and the ships from the city. The bombardment was practically over early in the afternoon, none of the forts replying to the British fire. Two forts had been blown up, one of them, a new one, only completed a week ago. The loss of the English is given at five killed and twenty-seven wounded; that of the Egyptians is not known. The attack was to have been renewed on Wednesday, but was prevented by the weather, the wind having risen, as usual after a heavy cannonade, and caused a heavy swell. It was resolved, therefore, by the British Admiral to confine his operations to the prevention of repairs or the re-occupation of the abandoned forts. The Egyptians meanwhile were seeking to gain time by sending out flags of truce, in reply to which the Admiral stated that the troops would be permitted to evacuate the forts with all the honors of war, drums beating and flags flying, but that he would insist on total and immediate evacuation. These terms not being accepted, the attack was postponed till Thursday. Meanwhile the town was in flames. All through the night the blaze from the Harem Palace reddened the skies, while further in the heart of the town another conflagration was raging, and bands of savage troops and plunderers alone were left.

On Thursday morning flags of truce were still seen flying on some of the forts and the Ras-el-Tin Palace. No movement of troops was visible. The flames were ascending from widely different quarters, and were rapidly extending. A reconnoitring party was sent ashore, and they found the streets deserted and silent, save for the roar and crackle of the flames. A small body of one hundred Europeans fought their way down to the beach. They had been besieged all night in the Ottoman Bank. The town had been fired by released convicts. The whole European quarter was destroyed, and every Christian who fell into the hands of the mob murdered, with frightful cruelty, or flung, yet living, into the burning houses. It is probable that no European is now alive in the city, as the massacre was as general as it was ruthless. The whole Egyptian army had been withdrawn on Wednesday while the flag of truce was flying, and is now in full retreat to the interior, and **Arabi** Pasha may offer a stout resistance to any advance, now that his army has been augmented by the whole male population of the city.



RIOTING IN THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA.



THE GRAND SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA, BURNED BY RIOTERS AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

THE WINES OF BURGUNDY.

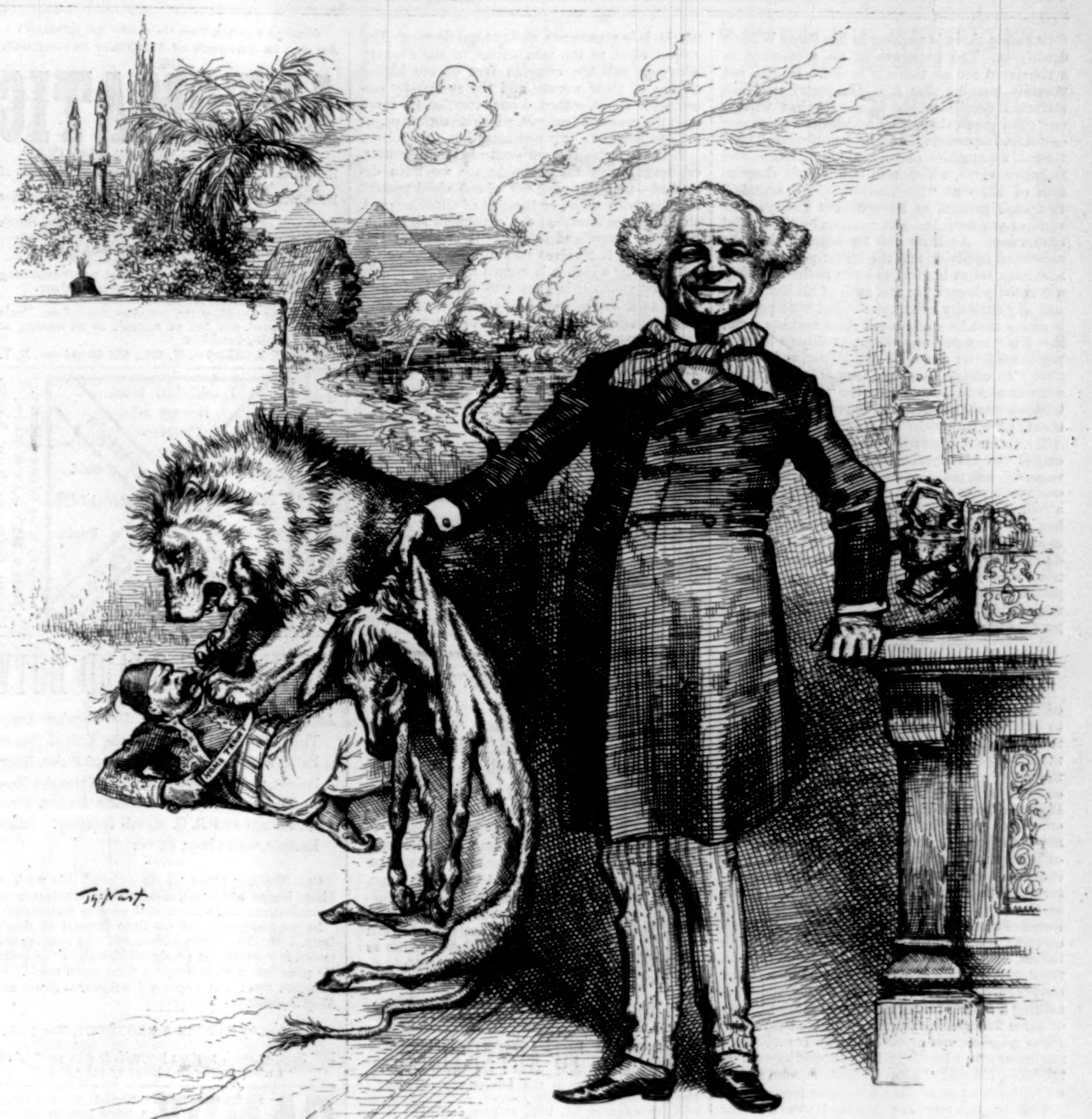
Dijon lies in the very midst of the wine-growing district of Burgundy. Around and about her lie the famous vineyards whence come the rare wines that epicures and gourmets contend for, being only too frequently imposed upon with base and abominable imitations. These great plantations of vines lie on ranges of low hills, and extend for miles and miles, until the traveller begins to wonder, long before he reaches the town, upon what do the inhabitants live, and is their only sustenance the red juice of the grape. Certainly it makes up a large part of their food, for men, women, and children drink it. Everywhere the glowing crimson fluid is seen in casks and pitchers, and frequently one can not pick one's way along a street or court without encountering a wilderness of empty bottles.

Dijon is a picturesque and ancient town, containing a fair proportion of time-honored and interesting buildings. The first view of it is peculiarly agreeable, for it bursts upon one when, after a long ascent of the valley of the Suzon, a kind of tableland is reached. The Jura faintly bounds the horizon, and the city lies outspread on the plain below. The great fortress-like masses of the churches, standing out boldly from the buildings of the town, mark themselves in the landscape. If the railway train had been only good enough to stop a few moments, we could have picked out the sights that we knew we ought to see. In fact, we have been long enough on the Continent to conclude that the sagacious individual who first discovered that "distance lends enchantment to the view" probably picked up the idea travelling in Europe.

If we could have gazed upon them from that elevation, and never have descended into the town, we might have kept up our romance in regard to the Flèche de St. Bénigne and the palace of the Princes of Condé forever and forever. A close inspection of Dijon soon showed us that this celebrated spire is merely a wooden tower, and possesses no beauty whatever except its remarkable height and the fact that it completes the effect of the edifice; while as to the palace, the extraordinary habit the French government has of turning its ancient and remarkable monuments into barracks soon despoils them of their charm.

Our arrival in Dijon took place on Saturday night, and on Sunday we started out valorously with the idea of going to church. It had not occurred to our unsophisticated minds that we probably were not in a place where it would be possible to adhere strictly to the religious habits of our early youth. We soon discovered that of churches there was no lack, though one cut after the pattern we were accustomed to in America would have been difficult to find. Dijon, like the rest of France, formed the opinion some time ago that it had an overplus of churches. Accordingly it transformed a number of them into stables, coach-houses, warehouses, and other commonplace and needful institutions. Among those that remain, that of Notre Dame is undoubtedly the most interesting. Here is the great clock of Jacques Marques which excited the cupidity of Philippe le Hardi at Courtrai. He thought it so curious that he must have it. We thought it probably so curious that we would like to see it. Accordingly, diverted from our first intention, we went to Notre Dame. Let not the stranger in Europe suppose that to see a thing it is only necessary to go where it is. Between us and the great clock there was a wooden partition, behind which repairs are supposed to be going on. On inquiry we found that they had been supposed to be going on for fifteen years. In vain we interviewed the sacristan. The clock was not visible. The great bells which for centuries were struck by two hammer-men called Jacquemars, a corruption of the name of the maker, were deposited under the church in a locality so mysterious and remote that we did not think it wise to follow. In fact our visit to the Notre Dame at Dijon was mainly rewarded by the sight of the beadle—*suisse* is the name he goes by here. This individual was magnificent, resplendent. Attired in brillant scarlet, and covered with silver-lace, a cocked hat on his head, and a long staff in his hand with which he ushered people about, and prodded small boys, he was a sight worthy of no small exertion to see. While the mass was being celebrated, and the assembled multitude engaged in their devotions, we were furtively eying that beadle. Among the crowd of humble worshippers, care-worn men, humbly dressed women, and ragged children, he made such a gorgeous, glittering, incongruous figure.

In our native land the second great event of the day after the morning's church-going is dinner. In France there are innumerable other diversions, but fortune favored us with an invitation from one of the great wine-dealers of Dijon, and with a keen longing for a chance at some of the famous brands of Burgundy we presented ourselves at his door. Not only were we gratified, but mine host knew well the commodity in which he dealt, and with each sample of some rare old vintage came the history of its growth and manufacture. Of all the wine-producing districts hereabouts the most celebrated is the Côte d'Or. Hill or slope of gold is an admirable name for it, for hence comes the best and most delicious Burgundy, the most perfect of all red wines. Entirely ready were we to agree that it combined all the qualities necessary to vinous perfection. Even our unaccustomed palates could detect the superior peculiar excellence of the flavor, and our noses acknowledged the rare delicacy of the bouquet. It was surprising to learn that the quality of the wine depends not in any way upon the care bestowed in cultivation, but simply upon some unknown qualities of the soil, which develop themselves only in particular places, and occasionally only within narrow strips of the same vineyard. The best wines of Burgundy are in fact produced with less care and attention than inferior wines in other districts; and so delicate are they that two of the first growth can not be mixed without a deterioration in the flavor.



THE END OF THE MASQUERADE—AND THE BRITISH LION IS GOING FOR HIS SHARE.

Lord Granville (*Foreign Secretary*). "It is painful—by jingo, it is, too—to be obliged—you know—to use force against the weak—you know—you know."

The manner in which even the best and most celebrated wines of the Côte d'Or are made seems sufficiently rude and primitive. In general, the grapes are trodden before they are thrown into the vat. A portion of the stalks is then taken out, and the must is suffered to ferment. The operation of gathering the grapes is performed in the hottest sunshine. The fermentation in the vats, which are usually left uncovered, lasts from thirty to fifty hours, if the weather is hot, and from three to twelve days if it be cold, for the best class of red wines. For the white wines a longer time is required. At the end of this period the wine is drawn off in smaller vats. The succeeding operations consist of a racking in the month of March following the vintage, and a second racking in September, repeated every six months for the red wines. The casks are kept exactly filled, and the wine is fined. Opinions differ as to the time when the wines should be bottled. Certain wine-growers maintain that they should be bottled at the end of fifteen months, while others contend for a delay of three or four years. The finest wines of Burgundy will not keep more than twelve or fifteen years. After that time they soon begin to deteriorate. We were also told that these famous wines could not travel. They are said to suffer injury from even so short a journey as that across the Channel to England.

The favorite wine of Napoleon I. was Chambertin. It was too bad to do the memory of the great Bonaparte such despite, but we each drank a glass of it to the health of the French republic and our own. There is a proverb to the effect that a bottle of Chambertin, a *ragoût à la Sardanapale*, and a good lady talker are the three best companions one can have at table. We missed the *ragoût*, but had excellent substitutes, and the other two conditions were entirely fulfilled. It is said that the best Chambertin never passes out of France. There is an effervescing Chambertin, a wine inferior to good champagne. It wants, moreover, the delicate bouquet of the latter, by the absence of which it is said to be easily detected. The French complain of its having too much strength, but this is a fault that would only commend it in England and America. In spirit it is perhaps a little above the average champagne. It is an admission which we would have died before making, but without previous instruction we two wanderers would never have been able to tell the difference.

The plan pursued by our host was precisely that attributed to the feast-givers of Galilee. He gave us the good wine first, and then, although we distinctly decline to admit that we had well drank, he gave us that which was worse. The best Burgundies are called by their producers *les têtes du cuvées*, an expression which seems to defy translation. The next are called the first *cuvées vins de primeur*, which is equally untranslatable. They approximate very closely to the first class in quality, except that their perfume is not quite so high. Good wines, *les bonnes cuvées*, which are grown on a soil less favorable than the foregoing, are in an aspect inferior, and fairly rank third in quality. Then come *les cuvées rondes*, having the same color as the others, and equal their strength, but wanting their full fineness and bouquet. Next they distinguish the second and third *cuvées*, the color of which is often weak to the preceding growths. They are deficient in spirit, and destitute of fineness and flavor. These last three classes of the wines of Burgundy come from the same species of vine as the first two, but the soil is inferior or the aspect not so good, being perhaps more humid, or less exposed to the sun. Their abundance compensates the producer for their inferiority. White wines do not keep as well as the red, not even those of the first quality. The latter arrive at perfection after they are three or four years old, but frequently become thick as they acquire a greater age. Wines, like human beings, are subject to diseases. The Champgachot is sometimes attacked with a strange malady. In spite of racking and all the care that can be taken, it will sometimes become loaded in the spring with a cloudiness which changes its taste and color. In this condition the producer is careful not to disturb it, and it will soon work itself clear. Like humanity, again, it is frequently better than ever after an attack of this kind, and the producers are glad rather than otherwise at seeing the first symptoms of the disease appear. The wines of Burgundy are generally dearest during the years when their quality is the worst. This has given rise to the proverb, among the producers, of *vin vert, vin cher*—"tart wine, dear wine." The reason is very simple: a year of abundant production is naturally one which gives a good quality of wine, the vines being in a healthy condition, and producing the largest and finest grapes.

The most remarkable thing about the wine-drinking of France is that it appears not to lead in the least toward intemperance. In fact, it is the habit of Frenchmen to sneer at the tastes of Americans and English, maintaining that they want their wine adulterated with brandy, and prefer heavy intoxicating fluids to those of a rare and delicate flavor. There can be no doubt that the wines of France are exceedingly pleasant to the palate, and it seems impossible that they should ever be deleterious to the health. Taken in moderate quantities, as is apparently the habit of the French, they cheer and exhilarate without overexciting the stomach or confusing the brain.

A STALE JOKE.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has announced a morning lecture at Newport, which is, we believe, his farewell appearance in this part of the world. The American pilgrimage of this young gentleman has been a huge and prolonged joke, all except the dollars he is reported to have collected, which are serious, and, we believe, authentic. The joke has become a trifle stale, but the dollars may wear longer.

The remarkable thing about the tour which is now ended is that it is almost, if not quite, the only commercial success ever made by a traveller solely upon the strength of the notoriety he had acquired in his own country as a butt. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek had a local reputation of the same kind as that of Mr. Oscar Wilde, but it never occurred to that simple knight to make use of it upon the Illyrian lecture platform. But Mr. Oscar Wilde rather resembles Malvolio than Sir Andrew. He has put himself into the trick of singularity. He has come to us in yellow stockings and most abominably cross-gartered, but the long hair and the knee-breeches have been as evidently advertising "dodges" as the strange garments in which men array themselves who blazon the merits of tradesmen along Broadway or sell dentifrices out of carts in country villages. Unfortunately there is nothing in Mr. Oscar Wilde's dentifrice. The trappings of his profession as a charlatan are all there is to see. He can not possibly imagine that it is his poetry that has attracted people to see him. He has written one good poem, though by no means a great one—"Ave, Imperatrix," and he has produced considerable quantities of very middling, feeble, and imitative verse, which recalls Shelley's description of Echo as "the shadow of all sounds." But such persons as have bought and read his verses have been induced to do so by his special reputation. As little can he imagine that the miners of Leadville and the trades-people of Illinois have sat at his feet to learn æsthetics; they are entirely incurious; and such of his hearers as had any curiosity upon the subject were perfectly aware that he could teach them nothing about it. His "lecture" was almost as silly as his preposterous letter about Mr. Higginson, and was as purely an excuse to enable people to look at the lecturer as would have been the "lecture" which Guiteau would assuredly have prepared if he had cheated the gallows.

Mr. Oscar Wilde owes his success as a lecturer entirely to his appreciation of the commercial value of his position as a butt, and his acquiescence in that position. By consenting to make a fool of himself in public for an hour a day, he has acquired what may fairly be called an immodest competency, which he ought in honesty to divide with his creator, Mr. Du Maurier. It was not a very elevated form of curiosity which took people to his lectures; but it was a rather more respectable sentiment than that which led some persons to do him social honor.

CHINESE BABIES.

Let us suppose that the solemn bath appointed for the third day is over, which would seem to be almost a Chinese baptism, and the mother to be convalescent. If the offspring be a girl, there will probably be no rejoicing; but if a boy, the mother will go in state to the temple frequented by her family and offer thanks to Tien How, the Queen of Heaven. The only time it was our fortune while in China to see a native lady of any standing was on such an occasion. A wife of Howqua, the son of the celebrated Hong merchant, had gone to the temple of Honam to return thanks for the birth of a son. The shrine in the temple which she was visiting had been founded by the elder Howqua in honor of his ancestors; it was a lofty hall, with roof open to the beams, closed in the rear and at the sides, but in front opening with richly carved doors on a raised terrace surrounded by a stone balustrade, and overlooking a square turfed inclosure containing two or three fine specimens of the Chinese banyan, or *Ficus religiosa*, and a pond of water covered with the broad green leaves and rose-tipped flowers of the lotus, the sacred plant of Buddha, who is often represented as seated on its open flower.

Crossing this pond and skirting it were a bridge and gallery of massive stone carving corresponding with the balustrades, and communicating with the terrace. On the opposite side of the gallery was seen the rear of another shrine, colored of a deep vermilion like the one in front, with its high arched roof sweeping down like the curved outline of a Tatar tent (from which the Chinese style of architecture is supposed to be borrowed), and adorned with dragons, birds, and dolphins in glazed pottery of the brightest colors. Down either side stretched a line of gloomy cloisters communicating with the rest of the building. At one end of the terrace were two or three small tables arranged with viands placed upon them, and surrounded by a considerable party of Chinese, among whom we noticed several females standing, evidently in attendance upon some lady, as in China the servants are almost invariably of the other sex. Knowing the scruples of the Chinese against admitting foreigners into the presence of the female members of their families, we turned back, and were on the point of leaving that part of the temple, no little disappointed at being unable to see the whole of the building, when two members of the group, one of whom was a son of Howqua, came forward and requested us, if we wished, to continue our examination. We did so. The shrine at which the ceremony was going on had been decked with flowers, whilst on the long counter-like altar in front of the figure of the goddess, between the jars of porcelain and bronze half filled with sandal-wood ashes in which sticks of incense were burning, and upon two square pedestals in front of the altar, were piled up pyramids of fruits and sweetmeats.

On either side of these pedestals were two of smaller size, on each of which was placed a book apparently of religious service, and by its side a small wand and a hollow, red, kidney-shaped gourd, which when struck gave a hollow and not unmusical sound, each blow upon it marking the repetition of a prayer. These, as it were, formed the lecterns of the officiating priests, and between them, facing the central vase on the high altar, was placed a cushion and a mat on which the fair devotee might kneel and perform the kotou, or ceremony of kneeling and touching the ground with the head at certain periods during the service. At either side of the central door of the shrine stood a large bronze vase heaped with silvered paper formed into boxes about the size and shape of steel-pen boxes, and emblematical of bars of Sycee silver, which is burned at the conclusion of the ceremony as an offering to the Queen of Heaven.

On passing out of the shrine, still accompanied by the two Chinese who had joined us, we passed near the banqueting party, when the lady rose, supported by two of her servants, and, crossing her hands, saluted us in the Chinese fashion. Of her beauty I can say nothing; neither my companion nor myself could remember anything save a face painted *à la Chinoise*, and hair tied up in the usual tea-pot form, dressed with magnificent pearls, jade ornaments, and natural flowers. The golden lilies, as the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom call the crippled feet of the higher classes of their women, and the splendidly embroidered robes, attracted our attention far more than the eyes and features, which doubtless ought to have been our only consideration.

It is after this festival—not always, of course, celebrated with the magnificence we have described—that the relatives of the child present it either with plate, or bangles of silver or gold, on which are inscribed the characters signifying long life, honor, and felicity. It is also at this period that it receives its "milk name," or the pet name by which it is known in its family, the name by which it is known to others being only given to it at the completion of its fourth year, when its education is supposed to commence.

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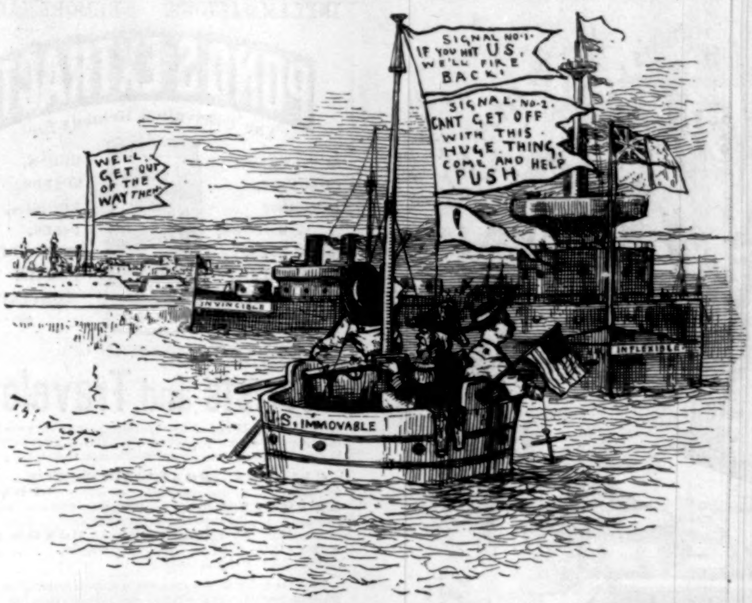
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